

THE
Straights Voyages,
OR,
St. Davids Poem:
BEING A
DESCRIPTION

OF
The most Remarkable
Passages that happened in her
first Expedition against the

Turkes of Argeir,


Sir John Harman Com-
mander, Rere-Admiral of his
Majesty's Fleet: Beginning May
1669. Ending April 1671.

By **John Baltharpe**, belonging to
the foresaid Ship.

With Allowance.

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the Angell without Newgate. 1671.

Jos: Banks


To the Right Worshipful
Captain Thomas Darcy Esq;
late Commander of his Majesties
Frigot, The Dartmouth.

YOU Sir John Harmans second, Sir
(have been,
All this same Voyage, therefore you
(have seen,
The things here treated on, and more
Off these Transactions, part have bore
Too high a share for my poor Pen to write
I want expressions to set out the height
Of your brave Actions; pray excuse
The dullness of my Pen, and Muse.
I wish the Seafare you had mounted:
Then she a Frigat had been counted.
Unto this hour, except pale Death,
Unluckely had stop't your breath.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I'm sure good Fight, Sir, you would make
Both for your King and Countries sake.
The Turks could never then a vaunted,
An English Frigate to a daunted:
'Tis not the Ship, nor yet the Guns,
Although she were a thousand Tuns;
But the brave Captain and his Seamen,
That fights like Englishmen, & Freemen
There is no Poetry exact
In these same Lines within, compact,
But such as 'tis, I pray receive,
No further favour I do crave;
Except it be to kiss your hand,
Who am your Servant to command.

John Balthrape.



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THE
Straights Voyage
 OR,
St. Davids Poem.

Beginning *May*, 1669.

Concerning of the David Saint,
 And her *Straights Voyage* I'll you ac-
 From *Chatham River* we did sail, (quaint,
 And consequently through the *Swail*.
 The first Place we did our Anchor lowre,
 By Seamen call'd *The Boy o'th' Oare*;
 Where we that night did press some Men :
 From Merchants Ships, *Barbado's Men* :
 For Man'd we were from *Chatham-River*,
 With such a Crew as you saw never,
 There was Rope-makers and their Boyes,
 The Dockmen-Labourers made an noise ;
 We had a pretty handsome Hoast,
 That of their *Straights-Voyage* could not boast
 For when we came to'th *Boy o'th' Oare*,
 Our Long-boat put them all a Shoare ;

B

And

2 The Straights Voyage, 1669.

And there she Grounded that same Tide,
Well moar'd in Sand she fast did Ride.

Into the *Hope* we got at last,
Where the *St. David* we Moar'd fast ;
It was about the first of *June*,
When *Sun* declines i'th After-noon :
Two hundred Men, rather more then less,
That very Month we then did Press.

From the Black-Indies-men we gat,
Brave lusty Seamen, plump and fat,
Out of the Hold these Men we hurried,
For down i'th Coals they deep were buried.
Saies the Ship-master, on my word,
I've naught but these same Boyes a-board :
Some Cripples would appear in fight,
They knew that we such men did slight :
Some men with great beards would appeare,
What would you sir, lo, I am here,
I hope that I'me too old and weak,
To serve the King, you won't me take,
All my young daies I've spent in's Service,
'Tis very true, my name is *Jarvis*.

Such a one, I've great charge upon my life,
Of Children dear, and a sick Wife.

What should we say to such, we let them pass,
Though naught they said to us true was ;
When we were gone, at us they'd laugh,
And tother Bottle they would quaff,
Till we their Juggling tricks found out,
And then we put them to the rout.

When

When we such Old-men prest again,
 The self-same reasons they would sain.
 But we gave small Credit to their word,
 By reason that we had Aboard,
 A *Barber-Surgeon*, which could Cure,
 Three such Old-men, in half an Houre :
 Though they had Beards great like a Brush,
 There's no excuse then worth a Rush.
 For men of Thirty years of Age,
 Great Beards had got like any Sage.
 So much of these Black *Indies* men,
 Next we will Treat of Merchant-men.
 They brave Excuse would us present,
 Drawn up in Language fine and quaint :
 When we Aboard those Ships drew near,
 The Master would straightway appear ;
 Make haste, there give the Boat a Rope
 My men, I, all shall save, I hope.
 Master Coxon, welcome here Aboard,
 I wish, I could you Men afford :
 I very long from Port have been,
 Stopt always with contrary Wind ;
 My Men are sick, weak, very Lean,
 We at short Lowance, long have been :
 Boy, bring a Bottle, this I got,
 Since I within the *Downs* was shot.
 In *Dover* Road, upon my word,
 I could you not one drop afford.
 A man might answer, nor now, neither,
 'Tis only for to make Fair weather.

4 **The Straights Voyage,**

Sometimes we take this same Excuse,
They us can't, very well abuse;
For some of us unto the Seas,
Have served our Times, as well as they,
And unto Lying do I say,
Know what belongs as well as they.
When with a *Straights*-man we do meet,
To go on Board, we think it fit;
The Captain he looks very Bluff,
The Seamen clad all in strip Stuff.
What come yea for? Friends I tell yea,
No men I have Aboard here for yea:
Cause he hath got bove Forty men,
And we in the Boat, have only Ten;
He thinks with Number, us to Scare,
But he's mistaken quite, I Swear.
Our Frigot she doth Ride so nigh,
That for her Shor, they can't get by.
Sometimes they do so Rugged prove,
They into Anger turn our Love.
We cut his Haliards, and Shankpainter,
Lets flie his Stopper, brings her to an Anchor,
Lets our Commander know his Pride;
Then he under our Stern must Ride:
We in our Anger, takes his men,
But when 'tis Calm, gives them again.
Of small Craft, we Aboard also,
To seek Seamen oftimes do go.
Where many of the Female kind,
For Passengers, we oft do find:

Sea-

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Seamen they'l hide, they are so kind,
 Even underneath their Coats behind.
 No thoughts we had of finding Men,
 When we plaid Under-board with them:
 But some we found, even just and jump,
 With Nose to thinking, close to Rump:
 Which 'mongst our men, caused great laughter
 And they were often told on't after.
 Enough is said concerning Pressing,
 We oft are pretty Maids Confessing;
 If underneath their Coats so wide,
 They do not some stout Seamen hide:
 If they have none, they'l up be gone,
 Shaking their Coats, no, I have none;
 What think you that young men come there,
 You very much mistaken are.
 If guilty then, they blush amain,
 To see how truly they are tane: *tandy*
 Down on their Mary-bones they'l hover,
 Be kind good Sir, he is my Brother;
 But all this while he is her Lover.
 Enough is said, I could say more,
 For I have slept even at my Oare:
 So weary have I been a Pressing,
 Both night and day, even without seising.
 A thankless Office 'tis I swear
 It, from hence forth I will forbear:
 Except that there be great occasion,
 By forreign Nations Invasion:
 And then what men can stand, and see,

6 The Straights Voyage : 02

The ruine of his Country.
 I am perswaded for my part,
 A valiant heart must suffer smart :
 To see his Country go to ruine,
 And he that while is nothing doing ;
 Against these Pirates of *Algeir*,
 Indeed I much concerned were ;
 Because, I by them Rogues was taken,
 Though I had Friends, was not forsaken.
 'Gainst them I made a Vow that hour,
 That I would plague them to my power.
 A Year and half, they kept me there,
 After that period Ransom'd were :
 By my own Friends, for I compacted,
 With a *London* Merchant, and contracted :
 For every piece of Eight he paid,
 Five shillings English down was laid ;
 But first of all we must to Court,
 With Creatures strange of several sort,
 For to present unto the King ;
 These things to *White-Hall* we did bring,
 Which forth the *Straights* in *Zebulan*,
 Captain *Hunt* Commander did bring then ;
 There was Red-ey'd Pidgeons, Turtle Doves,
 And Antelops, which Kings they love :
 The King most graciously, lent ear
 To us, that Slaves were in *Argeir*,
 And paid our Ransomes every penny,
 Our Friends, from purses was not any.
 I have serv'd the King, and eke my Nation,

From

From that time after, in my Station;
My bouden Duty it was so,
A thankful Person lesse can't do.

This by the by : But now let's pass,
To see Transactions what they was.
After the Pressing of our Men,
What Course Sterde we, I wonder then :
What thing of Note did us befall,
That I took notice next of all,
Was when we hal'd our Boat a shoare.
Gainst there, where we our Ship did moar.

First, we her clean'd, all things compleat,
She Tallowed was most fine and neat;
When we had done, her Blacking was not dry,
twould stick upon the cloths of themcame nigh
Therefore we let her stand upon the stocks,
& to *Clift* town we went, ne'r thought of knoks
But knockt we were, and that most soundly,
Though we stood too it pretty roundly;
For they were ten to one, I'me sure,
I should not lye if I said more :
This quarrel it did first begin,
As we sat merrily a drinking :
One simple Fellow of our Crew,
Told there a Towns-man he him knew
To be a Seaman ; and that he
With him some time had been at Sea :
This foolish Fellow would him Press,
He told him he could do no no lesse.
At this the Fellow swears, and tears,

Sets

8 The Straights Voyage: 02,

Sets all the Town about our ears ;
 Away they come with Crickets, Bats,
 And knockt us down like unto Rats ;
 There came a Barber with his Pole,
 And knockt me down upon my soul :
 Nay, this of all did vex me worse,
 The women they did at us curse,
 Crying out Presse-masters, ah ye Rogues,
 Be gone from Town you arrant Dogs.
 One quarter part of us knew not,
 What all this time we Quarrell'd at :
 That night they half of us Secur'd ;
 The other half they got A-board.
 Betimes i'th Morning, to our view,
 There did appear a lusty Crew ;
 The Towns-men they began to tremble,
 And fetcht us beer, they did desemble :
 Comes one poor Woman, truly I
 Did you no harm, I know not why
 You were Secur'd in this same Place,
 'Twill last (I'me sure) but a little space.
 A Prophetesse she was, I think,
 For 'fore that we one Pot could drink,
 Lieutenant *Saunders*, brought us word,
 Sir *John* would speak with us aboard.
 Then out of Wooden-Prison came we,
 I was right glad, you could not blame me.
 Now Sirs, I this to you will show,
 When that the Townsmen they did know ;
 That we were Sir *John Harmans* men,

They

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They could have wisht us out again.
 But seeing they had gone so far,
 And 'gainst us had proclaimed War;
 Ambassador they then did chuse,
 Their Minister who wont refuse
 Unto Sir *John*, them to excuse.
 And by his Arguments so sound,
 He closed had, at last their Wound :
 To his Parishoners he came,
 And told them, he had lain the blame
 On the Boats-Crew, and therefore,
 He would us punish very sore.
 He no true Prophet was in this,
 Sir *John* was wiser, I do wis :
 Then punish Ten, for one mans fault,
 Whose Name is called Master *Mault*.
 Some call him Sir *John Barlycorn*,
 Chuse which you will ; he had out-worn
 Our patience quite, at that same season,
 And mad us Act things out of Reason.
 Captain *Dangerfield*, some do him call,
 When he gets Mastery over all :
 The very Reason he Captives,
 'Tis never good when that he Thrives :
 Our Friends he oftimes makes our Foes,
 By him oftimes we do get Blows :
 Therefore I pray, don't with him Jest,
 At last he makes a man a Beast.
 Where are you running ? Hold my Muse ?
 Let's these things following now peruse.

10 **The Straights Voyage, 02;**

Sir *John Harman*, he Aboard us came,
 That day that we did act the same.
 Our Flag at Mizzen-top-mast head,
 To rights, a nimble young-man spread :
 The *David Saint*, sure now is proud,
 Undaunted Seamen shout aloud ;
 And willingly they would to work,
 To fight against the faithless *Turk*.
 But that same Flag wan't all her pride,
 She had a sute of Pendants tide,
 At each Yard one, White, Red, Biew,
 Methoughts they made a goodly shew.
 Our Officers, if I should name,
 Methinks I were not much to blame :
 Captain, Liuetenant, under Sir *John*,
 Is by his Name, call'd *Saunderson* :
 Liuetenant *Stout*, well known to Fame,
 Our Master, *Marshal* is his Name.
Samuel Hatfield, is our Boatswain's Name,
 He's man enough, I'll say the same :
 With Silver Call, on Deck he stands,
 Winds it, make haste, aloft more Hands,
 Come on my Lads, look to your Gear,
 Be sure that we have all things clear.
Albian Howel, we our Gunner call,
 The grandest charge he hath of all :
 He gives our Guns their Lowance in such sort,
 That they do give a good Report.
 Our Carpenter, is call'd *Elias Waffe*,
 A fite Ship we dont want, that's praise enough.

Our

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Our one Eye'd cook, is nam'd *George Drake*
No more of him I do mean to speak.

July the first, we Sailed from,
The *Hope*, where we had Rid so long:

Guns at that time were Fired some,
For joy that they had got our Room:

Away that Tide, with merry Gale,
We to the *Boy-oth'-Oare*, did Sail:

Next day we over the *Flats* stood,
But Anchor did in *Margret-Road*.

Into the *Downs*, upon my word,
We did Arrive *July* the third:

July the fourth, being Sabbath-day,
Our Streamers all we did display.

The *Roe Buck* Ambral, here did Ride,
With other men of War beside.

That very day we went a Shoar,
To fetch our Parson and some more.

That left at *Chatham* were behind,
They unto us were very kind.

One Midship-man, named Captain *Mintren*,

That Rid in company with our Parson;

Cause that his Horse he would not Sail,

So well as the Parsons, but did fail:

Pen-knife pulls out, Curses, and Swears,

And Cuts off one oth' Horses Ears.

Saying, base Jade, What wont you Sail?

Next time you fault, ware your Tale.

And he made but a merry Jest,

In thus abusing harmless Beast.

July

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July the sixth from *Downs* we Sail,
 But got we had Westerly Gale,
 Which made us Anchor Tide, and Tide,
 But so to Wind-ward we still ply'd,
 That on the tenth of that same *July*,
 We saw Sir *Thomas Allen* truly,
 At the *Spit-head* where he did Ride,
 With several Men of War beside:
 That day some Powder it was burn'd,
 And into nothing it was turn'd,
 Upon Salluts as is the fashion,
 Of our Sea-faring *English Nation*;
 If Guns Eleven we him give,
 Two lesse be sure we shall receive:
 Sir *Thomas* being Admiral,
 We must salute him first of all;
 Sir *Edward Spragge* we next salute,
 Because Vice-Admiral, hath repute.
 All other Captains, but them two,
 Salute us first, as is our due.
 About a Fortnight we did Ride,
 In *Portsmouth Road*, call'd *Spit-head*,
 Where we did get what things we want,
 Good Beer and Brande was not scant, (buy,
 With them which Money had, for they would
 They which had none would pass away.
 One thing of note I told yea not,
 I had it almost quite forgot,
 Our Fidler did in Triumph fetch,
 His Fiddle from Aboard a Ketch

Call'd

Call'd the *Portsmouth*, and did play,
 Oft times to pass the time away;
 Sometimes to passe sad Cares away,
 On Fore-castle we dance the Hay;
 Sometimes Dance nothing, only hop about,
 It for good Dancing passes mongst the rout;
 Yet on my word, I have seen Sailors,
 More nimbler Dance, then any Taylors.

When we in *Portsmouth* Road did Ride,
 I went a Shoar on *Gospar* side;
 For there Acquaintance I had got,
 With them I meant to crack a Pot;
 An Hostess, she but of course fashion,
 Yet honest woman by relation,
 She needs would stop my cloths a shoare,
 For an old Reckning on the score;
 But I was no such Fool I think,
 To let my Clothes be stop't for Drink;
 But off the Hedge I my self took them,
 And aboard that night I bravely brought them.

The Wind being fair we did break ground,
 And sailed next for *Plymouth* Sound,
July the two and twentieth day,
 We Anchor dropped in the Bay:
 That very night we waigh'd again,
 Bound over for the Coast of *Spain*,
 The Wind being fair, we Hoise a trip,
 Our Top-sails, and away we skip:
 Adieu fair *England*, now adieu,
 To War we go gainst Barborous Crew

14 **The Straights Voyage : 02,**

Of *Turkish* Pirats ; Grant Successe
 Thou God of Battle, and us bleſſe,
 That we thoſe Pirats may confound,
 And give *Algeir* a deadly wound.
 On Deck I ſtood, and by Moon-light,
 Of *England* that ſame night loſt fight ;
 Farewel fair *England*, thrice farewel,
 There all my Frinds, and Kinsfolks dwell,
 Heaven knows when ever it will be,
 That I their faces more ſhall ſee :
 Gods-will be done, to Sea I'me bound,
 Farewel ſweet *England*, *Plimouth Sound*,
 And all the Places on a Row,
 That kindneſſe unto me did ſhow.

With fair Wind and a pleaſant Gale,
 We unto *Bay of Bulls* did Sail,
 In Moneth of *Auguſt* the ſixth day,
 We Anchor droped in the *Bay*.
 The *Spaniards* brought us Wine A-board,
 Bread, Grapes, Fig-cheeſes they aford
 Either for Money or Truckar ;
 For ſix Royals they'l ſell a Jarr,
 They'l bargain make *wino per te* ;
 Again reply *Farro per me* :
 They ply'd their buſineſſ very cloſe,
 Moſt of our men they got a doſs ;
 Next day before that it was night,
 Some of our Men were drunk out right.
 The firſt day of this Month, at Sea,
 To ſhort Allowance then went we ;

What.

What Meat before the King for four,
 Allow'd, now fix men it devour ;
 A Dollar o each man is due,
 Each twenty and eight days 'tis true :
 When we can get it, we drink Wine,
 Healths to their Freinds then we combine.
 A Seaman when he gets Ashoar,
 In one days time he spendeth more ;
 Then three months storr-allowance Money,
 Perhaps he gets a *Spanish* Cony.
 It may be not only in Wine,
 He drinks till he is almost blind,
 And then, The *Spaniards* picks his Pocket,
 If nought be there, he takes his Jacket.
 Some *Spaniards* they no Conscience makes,
 To Rob an *Englishman*, he takes
 What Guilt he hath ; another goes,
 And strips him, takes away his Clothes.
 This when he's Drunk, if he be Sober,
 He need not fear a *Spanish* Rover.
 I have seen one man with Boat-hook-staff,
 Made Five to run, it made me Laugh :
 Though they were Arm'd with Swords com-
 Amain they from him did Retreat : (pleat,
 Enough of these pilfering Culls,
 When parted we from Bay a Bulls.
 August the tenth, we Sail'd away,
 And Anchored at *Tangier* next day :
 A place the *English* now possess,
 On the *Barbarian* Shoar it is.

16 The Straights Voyage : 02,

Tis fortified very strong
 Or else we should not keep it long :
 There doth also a Mold here stand,
 Where Ships may Ride within Command ;
 'Tis Fortified two Miles long,
 With Towers also Exceeding strong,
 In each of which good Guns doth stand,
 To drive away the *Mooras* by land ;
 Of which sometimes there doth appear,
 More then one hundred thousand in one year.
 Enough of *Tangeir*, now lets turn our Tale
 From thence that night we did set Sayl,
 Bound up the Streights, away we went,
 To meet with *Algeir Turks* was our intent.
 We with our Squadron kept a Board,
 The *Christian Shore*, upon my word.
 Sir *Thomas Allen* steers along
 Mild Channel, with his Squadron.
 Sir *Edward Spragg* with Ships of Warr,
 Did keep along the *Barbary Shoare*.
 These Flaggs all three agreed were,
 To meet together at *Argeir* ;
 Because those Rogues and we did jarr,
 To make with them perpetual Warr ;
 We scorne with them to be Peace seekers,
 Who are such Roush peace breakers,
 We sayl'd the Coast of *Spain* along,
 With Ships of Warr well man'd and strong ;
 At length *Alceere* appear'd in sight,
 Sir *Thomas Allen* and the Fleet,

that

That then were with him, they got water,
 We some did get presently after;
 When we from Sea approached nigh,
 A board with water they did hie,
 That we might over with them steer.
 Unto that Pirats Town *Argeir*.
 We sayl'd away, and that same night,
 Of *Spanish* Land we did loose fight.
 The very first day of *September*,
 We saw *Argeir*, I well remember: (down,
 We came to *Algeir* road with hammocks,
 Yeds slung, the Trumpets they did sound,
 Into the Road we steer'd stedde,
 All for a stout Encounter ready;
 Of this same Town we took a view,
 And thought upon the Rougish crew,
 That do inhabit in that Cell,
 The Number of them who can tell,
 For as you do the Streets come nigh,
 You scarce can for the Prefs get by;
 They march so thick as Army were,
 A going out to some great Warr.
 The *Turks* they sooth us up with treaty,
 They smooth us up most fine and nearly,
 Till they have brought about their ends,
 And then they care not to be freinds;
 Money which they did take away,
 From the East-Indies Man: They say
 They cannot heple: for he that took
 The same away: Hath them forsook,

The

18 The Straights Voyage : 01

The Moneyes shar'd amongst three hundred,
 How they should get, i'ts to be wondred,
 Out of the bellies of so many,
 And therefore we an't like to have any :
 To some Things they would condescend,
 To other Things they would not bend ;
 So in conclusion we did Jarr,
 And gainst them we proclaimed Warr.
 On nights in Boats upon the Waves,
 Near Shoar we lye to take up Slaves :
 Some Boats of Corn, laden for *Argeir*
 We took, as they the Shoar drew near :
 One Boat I very well remember,
 It was about the middle of *September*,
 Dark in the Night, under the Shoar,
 As we lay sculking on our oare,
 Near to the Shoar (as he came creeping)
 We Boarded him, a Woman weeping
 With a young Child, late after on,
 The *Turks* and *Moores* over board run.
 We went to fishing then for *Moores*,
 And took them up with blades of Oares ;
 The flesh of some, with our Boat-hook,
 We entered, and so up them took :
 At last we took up quite so many,
 That there did not escape us any.
 One night as we lay waiting there,
 Under the Shoar at day appear,
 A Fleet of *Surkish* Boats which come,
 Thinking our our Boats to over run :

For

For all they were bove four to one,
 Yet with our Muskets we went on,
 And stood to it with Blunderbus,
 Gainst them for all their Harquibus.
 When the *Turks* saw us so Valliantly,
 Come on with so much Gallantry,
 They could not long endure our Force,
 But straightway Turn'd their backs to us,
 And then like Cowards run away,
 Into the bottom of the *Bay*:
 Then out unto their Aid did come
 A Bricantine, well Man'd and Gun'd;
 Indeed of him we stood in fear,
 Cause that he had got great Guns there,
 Which farr over our Boats would come,
 But our small Shot would not reach home.
 Captain *Darcy* now espying this,
 In *Dartmouth*, which but fifth Rate is,
 Let slip his Cable, and made hast,
 This Pirats *Bricantine* to bast;
 His part he played that same day,
 Most gallantly without delay;
 His Guns did at the *Turks* Boats roar,
 Which made them turn their Heads ashoar;
 No trust in *Mahomet* they had,
 Their countenances were very sad.
 For fear the Wind should faulter then,
 The *Dartmouth* she stood off agen:
 When they Espyed her about,
 Down to their Boars in a great Rout

They

20 The Straights Voyage : 07

They did them high, thinking to gain
Argeir Town, fore that they were rane:
 And so they did Rowing close by the Shoar
 As ever they could do for Oare;
 Captain *Darcy* did let broad-fides fly,
 Amongst their Boats perpetually,
 He sent them to *Mahomets* Wherry,
 No cause they had for to be merry,
 For *Charon* to his *Stygeon-Lake*
Mahometans do alwaies take.
 The Ships, Forts, Castle, all did Fire
 At him, being mov'd much to Ire.
 But he at all was not dismaid,
 In their own Coin he them repaid,
 And gave them Shot for Shot therefore,
 He naught would put upon the score:
 Had *Charles* our King no Captains worse,
 They would not have our Nations Curse;
 As had that Sea-fares Captain, who
 Ran's Ship A-shoar, he naught would do,
 Neither for King, nor Countries sake,
 But all to peeeces Kings-ship brake;
 Base Cowardize, unworthy Man,
 More fit to ride in a Sedan,
 Then for to Mount a brave Kings-Ship,
 He rather doth deserve a Whip.
 Whilst we lay here, even at noon day,
 A *Portugall* escapt away;
 In Garden of his *Pateroone*
 He was a working about noon;

Our Boate he seeing neer the Shoare
 He straightways did his work give o're,
 And was resolved for to dye,
 To gaine desired Liberty.
 Through presse of *Turks* and *Moores* he then
 Did run with Pruning Knife in hand,
 Most like a Valiant man and stout,
 And every way did lay about.
 By means whereof he free did make,
 His passage and we in him take;
 Some fifty years of Age was he,
 When thus he gain'd his liberty.
 And was Eleven years a Slave,
 Unto a *Tagareene* base Knave;
 Now understand whilst we lay here,
 Before this Pirats Town *Argeir*,
 At Sea they Ships of Warr had then:
 Which harmed much poor Merchant-Men.
 Sir *John Harmon* he well known to Fame:
 Appointed was to Guard the same
 His care it was exceeding much,
 With them he always would keep touch:
 Make easie Sayl on Nights therefore,
 On Nights he bore the Light before.
 His Chickens alwayes who close clings
 Under the shelter of his wings. (fight.
 On dayes perhaps they'l wander, yet keep
 Of their Rare Admirall if ought them fright,
 As oft it hapneth, doth the Ravenous *Kite*;
 Under her wings they are at Night,
 The

22 **The Straights Voyage: ,02**

The *Darmoth* was *St. Davids* second,
 Though but a small Ship she is reckon'd :
 The Captain hath a heart as great,
 As if he were in a Third Rate :
 A Pendent always she did bear,
 At Mizen-top-mast-head most fair.
 To shew the World, she did belong,
 Unto the Squadron of Sir *John*.
 The fifth day of *October* we,
 With *Dartmouth* in our company :
 From *Argeire* Pirats-town set Sail,
 With pretty fresh *Southerly* Gale.
 And over for the *Spanish* Shoar,
 We bent our Course with speed therefore :
 For Water at that time Aboard,
 Was little left upon my word ;
 For *Fuersey* we steer therefore,
 Making account for to get more.
 The eighth of *October* we,
 Did Anchor dropt at *Fuersey* :
 But Prodict they wont us afford,
 Cause that our Guns wont speak one word.
 First in a fashion of Salute,
 'Tis true, our Iron-Dogs were mute.
 I know no reason why that we,
Englands Rere-Admiral on the Sea ;
 A petty Governour should salute,
 Of Islands, that's of no Repute.
 From *Fuersey* next day we steer,
 And bend our Course next, towards *Alteere*.
 Here

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Here stands a Castle at *Alteere*,
 Upon a Hill, by the water nere,
 Which hath Three Gunns upon occasion,
 If *Turks* should make on them Invasion:
 As for Salutes, they do not care;
 You need not fear of Prodict there.
 From the Eastward, this same place doth want
 But Six Leagues, unto *Alicant*;
 Good Water fresh there in a River,
 Small neck of Land, from Salt doth sever;
 This place it is upon the Maine,
 In Countrey of the King of *Spain*.
 On Fourteenth of that same *October*
 We came to *Alicant* moreover
 Beveridge we got in steed of Beer
 Good Red Wine that same was I swear
 A Shore at this same *Alicant*
 A Frolique rare I did not want
 An English Fiddlar I'le forget his Name,
 Did leave his Fiddle saying take the same,
 If I return not by and by:
 I do not know the reason why;
 But he returned not that same Night:
 Before next Day appear'd in fight,
 Cause he that Night went to a W——
 And to us he would come no more,
 His Fiddle paid Six Rialls score.
 At this he Frett, he Fomed, he Wept,
 'Twas ne're the ne're to be perplext;
 Kings Ship this fellow leaves, poor Ass,
 For

24 **The Straights Voyage : 02,**

For Service of a *Spanish* Lasse,
 Where he perhaps the Pox may get
 He'l time then have to repent it.
 Enough concerning this same bout,
 Let's other Matters now look out,
 The *Dartmouth's* unto *Dena* gone,
 To bring some Merchant Ships along ;
 When they came in we did not stay,
 But straight ways did our Anchors waigh ;
 Our Prison called the Bilboes,
 In this Road over Board they goes ;
 This Ox Blood had so warm'd their Pates
 That they did aēt things at strange Rates :
 Likewise some of our Trumpeters crew
 Their Trumpets over board they threw,
 To sound a Levate as twas reason
 Unto the drown'd Bilboes Prison ,
 The Nineteenth of *October* we
 From *Alicant* did put to Sea
 With *Dartmouth* and our Convoyes goe,
 With all our speed for *Malhago* :
 But with bad Wind being overtane,
 We stopt one day at *Catergeane* ;
 But there we did get no Recrute,
 Because we did not them Salute.
 We did not then at all there stay ;
 But next day we did Sayl away,
 Where the next thing that fell of Note ;
 Was meeting with a *Catches* Boate,
 By *Bricantine* then of the *Moore* :

This

This Catch that day was put a shoare,
 We that same day for Pilchards Fish,
 In hold of this same little Ketch;
 This little fish we rost and broyle,
 In Cook Roome, there was such a Coyle,
 As if a prize then we did take,
 Our men did such a quarter make,
 This same *October Malbago* we
 The eight and twentieth day did see;
 The twenty ninth day *Malbago Sack*
 They which had Money, did not lack;
 More Merchant Ships we here did take,
 And Guarded them for the Southard Cape.
 Upon the first day of *November*
 We sayl'd away I well remember,
 With Merchants Ships all in a row
 The *Dartmouth* she a-Sterne did goe,
 Brought up the Rere, we went a head,
 Brave Fleet of Merchant Ships we led,
 Through the Straights mouth, upon the fourth
 Of that *November* we came forth.
 On the fifth day upon my word,
 We lost a poor man over board;
 He from our Anchor then did fall,
 It was a strong *Levant* with all
 Our yaul we got into the Sea
 To save (if possibly could we)
 Poor man, our boat-swaine also he
 The yaul did steere in raging sea
 He took great care do all he can,
 B

The

26 The Straights Uoyage :

The Waves had swallowed up the man ;
 He other Sepulchre cannot have
 The raging Sea it was his Grave.
 For all we were in such a toss,
 His Wife and Children finde the losse,
 In *Greenwich* Town, nere *London* City,
 They poorely now must live, tis pittie ;
 The life of Man is but a bubble
 As is before the Plough the Stubble,
 It over in the furrow turnes,
 Or else perhaps the same they burnes ;
 Great Care and Cost there is bestown
 In's bringing up, but he is gone
 In less then one poor Minutes Space,
 This same of Mortals is the case.
 That same *November* the sixth day,
 From Merchant ships we part away.
 They good Wind had with merry Gale
 Unto old *England* they did Sayl.
 But we to *Cales* our course did shape,
 From Saint *Vincent*s the South-ward Cape
 Some of those Pirats of *Argeir*
 Into our fights they did appear ;
 We straight ways after them did stand
 But way for fear a pace they rnn ;
 Good 'twas for them that (whorfbirds))
 Could like to Lightning run away :
 One after that a wholes dayes space
 We followed, and did give him Chase ;
 At this same time more Saile we bore

Then ever since, or here to fore :
 Top-Gallon, stay Sayls, out they went
 All Sayls that we could now invent ;
 In Chase of these same Pirats we
 No pains did spare that time at Sea :
 Canvis we had out that same hour,
 Two thousand yeards and eighty four,
 And eke seven hundred yeards also,
 But yet them Rogues from us did goe.
 But had not Night a been so nigh,
 We one had got assuredly.

The seventeenth of that same *November*
 In *Cales* Road we did drop our Anchor ;
 Next day the old trade it proceeded ;
 The *Spaniards* brought what things we needed
 Except twere Money that they sold,
 At dearer Rates then can be told :
 We tasted of the *Spanish* Jarr,
 Which in our brains did breed such warr,
 That we did talke of things that never
 In all our lives, concerned us ever.
 Here we did water, nothing was scant,
 What things we had we did not want.
Novembers twenty seaventh day
 We part then did from *Cales* away
 With Merchants ships bound for the Straights;
 Unto *Legorne*, and please the Fates,
 The *Dartmouth's* gone fore to *Tingeir*,
 To hear how Causes they stood there.
 A Prize that Night under the Shore

28 The Straights Voyage: ,01

From *English* taken was before,
 She took a Pincke loaden with carriage,
 Of Reasons for to make Plum-Pottage.
 But we did Sayl her up the Straights,
 And eat their Reasons for their sakes,
 A Bakers dozen of those *Moors*
 We took, which row with Gally Oares,
 And we them sold at *Legorne* Port,
 Because we had good Reason for't :
 It was dark night, we see could not,
 VVhen *Dartmouth* this same Prize had got:
 But through Straights mouth we sayled neer
 The Garrison called *Tangeir* ;
 And on December the first day,
 VVe gained *Malhagoe* I say.
 Old trade proceeded as before,
 Good *Malhagoe* we drunk therefore ;
 This *Sack* indeed our witts did puzzle.
 Because too much ont, we did guzzle.
 VVithin two dayes the *Dartmouth* brought
 In Triumph, prize which she had caught;
 A fier ship of her they made,
 By reason now hereafter said :
 Two days before they came us nigh
 Four Sayl of ships they did espy, (stem
 VVhich forth the *Straights* came stem, for
 For *Turks* ships then, they did take them
 But Captain *Darcy* second I say,
 For *Turkes* Ships for to run a way :
 But prize to fier Ship d'id turne,

Resolv

Resolving one of them to burne,
And fight the rest with Courage bold,
A brave *English* heart wont be controul'd :
For faithlesse *Turkes* to run a shore :
Though they were four to one and more,
But when he came them very nigh,
For *French-men* he did them espy,
With Guns all out and all things cleer,
He did approach these *French-men* nere :
For he to Colours that doth trust,
May lay his honour in the dust.
With *Turks* I sayld a year and more,
Their tricks I know full well therefore ;
For they all sorts of Colours have,
By means whereof themselves they save
Oftimes, and also they do cheate,
Poor Merchantmen by that same Feate.
The *French* were four Ships stout and tall
The *Dartmouth* one which was but small
They wondred he'd abide them fight,
And would not bear up and make flight.
They mainly did commend him for it,
That he was Captain of such Spirit ;
And him Saluted in best fashion,
For honour of our *English* Nation.
Captain *Darcy*, they did Presents bring,
And Honour on him they did fling.
He part, did from them, then I say,
And came to *Malagoe* next day,
With Prize in Tow, most brave and boldly,
Even

30 The Straights Voyage : 02

Even just as lately, I have told yea.
 The Sixth day of the same *December*,
 We Sail'd from *Malagoe*, I remember :
 Finding a strong Levant at Sea,
 We put in next for *Almare* :
 And there we did Careen our Ship,
 The Saylor on the Yards did skip :
 Each Commendations of the other,
 Aloft they gave, some this, some t'other,
 Pastimes with Girles, they then discover.
 The Purser they cry up a high,
 For honest Man ; but answer Lie ;
 Of Stewards honesty, and his Mate,
 They loudly on the Yards do Prate :
 It was *December* the Tenth day,
 When we did Anchor here I say :
 Next day we Sail'd towards *Alicant*,
 But fair Wind that time we did want :
 But yet we did without delay,
 Gain *Alicant* the Thirteenth day :
 Where we a storm of Wind did Ride,
 About the *Spaniards*, *Christmas-Tide*.
 Sheet Anchor we did let from Bow,
 Because the Wind did fairely Blow.
 The *Spaniards* they came off with Boats,
 With Wine, Bread, Grapes, things of all sorts ;
 With Wine, Bread, Grapes, & their Fig-cheeses,
 They Money forth our Pockets squeeses ;
 Old Trade proceeded as before,
 VVe gave them Guilt in hand therefore.

Some

Some were quite Drunk, and some were So-
 And some were also half Seas over. (ber,
 Upon *December* Twentieth day,
 From hence then we did Sail away :
 In the same place we left it standing,
 Where we do find it at our Landing.
 The Merchant Ships with us did Sail,
 Bound towards *Legorne*, with merry Gale ;
 But four days after we did want,
 No wind but fair, one which was scant.
 And ne're unwelcome is to Seamen,
 For by that means he is a Freeman :
 From toylsom Labour, and sad Care,
 Which winds cantrary bring for fare.
 The Five and Twentieth as some say,
 Of this Month called *Christmas-day* :
 Our Fidler then did Play, and Sing,
 At Cabin door, made Steerage ring.
 With cheerful Voice, bid them good morrow,
 I think that he did Verses borrow :
 From some fam'd Poet, for he'd sing,
 Brave merry Songs, made all to ring.
 With Weather stormy, winds contrary,
 We bore up Helm, now for *Calery*,
 Which on *Serdina* Island stands,
 But where Ships rides there naught commands.
 When Ships do near unto them come,
 Into the Mountains they do run :
 Till they are sure we are no *Turks* ;
 Then down they come and Trade with us.

32 The Straights Voyage : 02,

It was *December's* Thirtieth day,
 When we did Anchor here I say :
 We for one Dollar, or four Shilling,
 Might buy a Sheep, if but so willing :
 Nothing else here was to be had,
 The Wine was hard and very bad.
 It was *January*, the Third, day,
 When towards *Legorn* we Sail'd away ;
 Great talk there's now of *Legorn* Ladies,
 Some swore that they would get them Babys
 But sted of Babies they did get,
 What they have hardly claw'd off yet.
January's Tenth day, on my word,
 We got all into *Legorne* Road.
 For *Prodick* we two days did Ride,
 With many Merchants Ships beside.
 When we had *Prodick* got, *Italian Jack*
 Did furnish us with what we lack.
 For they were quick to come Aboard,
 And Wine, Bread, *Sassages* afford.
 They nimble were, *Wino, Wino*,
 And so about the Ship they go.
 But when that they see Money fail,
 They presently will turn their tale :
 Crying, *Wino Pa Truckar*——
 Then we do find where that they are ;
 They'll run about old Coar, old Breech,
 And this about the Ships their speech :
 Till of our Money, and our Cloaths,
 They bravely now have wip'd our Nose.

This

1669: St. Davids Poem. 33

This Month the twentieth, we made bold,
 To hale our Ship into the Mould,
 Where that Month, and most part oth' next,
 It was before we had her fixt:
 For we were forst to watch, I ween,
 For weather fair, for to Careen.

The End of the First Part.



C 5

The



THE END OF THE LINE



517

20





The second Part,

*The second Part of my Journal can,
Sir, do no less, than kiss your Hand;
Imust begin from Legorne Mould,
The other part hath so far told.*

Saint David, and her Second's clean,
And ready to go out again;
But Wind, and Weather, wont present,
Which something hinders our intent.

Mean while we to the Boom-boats run,
Make all the haste that ere we can:
To set our Money flying we,
Did make such shifts as you ne're see.
Tobacco we Ashoar did carry,
In wine Casks, we were very wary.
You might have seen oft-times our men,
Go into Boom-boats, Eight, Nine, Ten,
All on a row, with Coats on back,

When.

To The Straights Voyage : 02,

When they came out, some they did lack.
Not only Coats, but also VVits,
It brought some of them to strange Fits,
Of Drunkenness, for you might see,
In some Boats Drunk, above thrice three :
That lost both Money had and wits,
In these outrageous Drunken fits.
I moored one time was a shoar,
At new *Venus* three days and more :
Italian house it was, yet he,
Our Kings Arms keeps, as you may see :
VVith Sign, and Signpost, all compleat,
All things in's House was very neat :
It was 'bout midst of *February*,
VVhen we got out most fine and bravely.
The *Dartmouth* she got into the Road,
Some days before us on my word.
Some at *Legorne* they turned sick
Because clapt with french sagot stick,
Their greatest paine lay in their P——
About their legs perhaps youd see
A red 'rag placed most finely,
To blind the world yet I have seen:
Tho se jugling tricks what they have been
Thi^s all makes for the Doctors gains
He with these men will not take pains
Except a bill under their hand
He hath some money to command,
In private to his Cabin door,
They come and curse that pocky whore;

And:

1669. St. Davids Poem. 37

And vow that they'l do so no more:
 They sower faces make and Cringe
 As you may see through the door hinge.
 Good Doctor oh I would not have,
 You give me more of that green salve
 It doth me torment very sore
 Therefore I pray give me no more
 A heavy curse on that same whore:
 The pleasure it few minutes lasteth
 But see the Body, how it wasteth:
 It makes them look both pale and wann
 Like Death, Oh thou unhappy man!
 That couldst not Anchor in cleer ground
 And company with them, are sound;
 You need not then a feared this wound.
 The first of *March* that very year
 We from *Legorne* away did steere
 With *Dartmouth* and the *Tunnaseene*
 We sayl'd away being brave and cleane
 This *Tunnaseene* to *Tunis* we convoy'd
 Cause of the *Argeir Turks* she was afraid
 Where we arrived the fifteenth day
 And Anchor dropped in the Bay;
 With hammocks down and all things cleer
 Being thirteen sayl of *French-men* there:
 There was the *French Vice Admirall*,
 With other ships being stout and tall
 We past them by, being very mute,
 We would not first the *French* salute
 Though they were Vice, and we but Rere,

38 The Straights Voyage: 02,

To first salute, we scorne I swear
 By *English* men that were 'ith Fleet,
 We heard the *French* did fret at it.
 One mad braind *French* Commander he,
 Swore he would come on board of we
 Cause their Vice Admirall we wont honour,
 Hed strick he swore our *English* Banner
 But they were very much mistaken
 Before that we by them were taken
 Or strike our gallant *English* Banner
 We'd fight most bravely for our Honour
 We would not flinch from them one jott
 He that gets honour looseth not
 If that he loose his life what then
 Eternal Fame gives the Anthem
 Of everlasting brave renown.
 When he is fallen into a sound.
 But the poor little *Tunnaseene*
 When she the *French-men*, once had seen
 She unto *Porta fa re no*
 With all her speed away did goe,
 Where she by two *Frenchmen* was taken,
 When she our company had forsaken,
 But Sir *John's* presence in that place:
 Did hinder them at that same space,
 Of making of her then a Prize:
 The *French* Vice Admirall was more wise
 For we by the *Frenchmens* side would sink
 Before that same should be I think.
 The losse of this same *Tunnaseene*

The

The English Counsels would a been
 Presents therefore he brought unto
 Sir *John*, who kindness him did show.
 In *English* Prize that sold was here
 Was took by Pirats of *Argeir*.
 One *English* Lady and her Maid
 Who that same time were sore afraid
 Least that bad usage they should have
 Because that then they were their slave
 But the *English* Consull did them buy
 And took them from their Custody
 With Honour then he did them treat
 And let them want nothing was fit
 This Lady was to *Venice* bound,
 Before the *Turks* they had her found:
 Her Unkle Consull of that place
 Sent a great Ransome for his Neece;
 And to *Legorne* we then convoy'd
 Both Lady fair, and eke her Maid.
 From *Tunnis* we did sayl away
 March the two and twentieth day
 And towards *Messena* we did sayl
 With good wind and a fresh gale
 Unto *Messena* we I say
 Did come the five and twentieth day:
 Some Merchants ships we then there found
 Which down the *Straight* with us were bound.
 Sir *John* he did appoint the Fleet
 Him at *Messena* for to meet.
 Three weeks we here at least did stay

40 The Straights Voyage : 02,

A market was on board each day
 Except on Sundays then Sir *John*
 Would cause them all for to begone
 All sort of trade they brought aboard
 Silk Stockings Brande Wine they afford,
 Some Cabidges, some Nuts, some Figgs;
 Some Seracusa Wine, some Eggs,
 When Moneys gone, they'l truck for bread
 No more needs now for to be said
 Old a Drawers, old a Wascoare,
 And so about the Ship they trot.
 Nay some theyl truck even for old shoos
 There's naught so bad as theyl refuse
Aprill the eight day we had newes
 How that the *Seafare* did refuse
 To fight four *Argeir* men of Warr
 Therefore they had her run a shore
 When Sir *John* heard this newes in hast
 We went to Sea thinking to bast
 With onely *Dartmouth*, them same four
 We prayd to meet with them each hour
 But who these bad things now can mend
 The wind it would not stand our friend
 But as we came then through the *Vare*,
 Anchor and Cable we lost there
 By cross graind currant for't to Anchor
 We cut our stopper and shank painter
 Back to *Messena* we came then
 And found store of the *Seafares* men
 They lusty tall men were and stout.

Enough

Enough these four Sail for to rout ;
 But their Commanders had no hearts,
 Like stout Men, for to act their parts ;
 Old man he was by course of nature,
 His life it could not indure much longer :
 Twas great Renown for to be slain,
 Rather then such dishonour gain :
 And yet by hand of justice he
 Will loose his life assuredly,
 If ever upon *English* ground
 His foot he set, and to be found.
April the twelfth, we Sail'd from,
Messena, where we staid so long ;
 VVith sixteen Sail of Merchantmen,
 VVe towards *Legorne* sailed then.
 That burning Island, *Strambello*,
 VVe sailed by that Night also ;
 The blazing Flames, and sulpherous Fire,
 We saw, which some did much admire.
 The reason of it none can tell,
 But God above who knows full well.
 Upon our brave Saint *Georges* Day,
 VVe gain'd *Legorn* Port, I say :
 Much Powder that same day we Fire,
 But all in Love, none out of Ire.
 Two of our Squadron here we found,
 The *Fersev*, and *Centurion* :
 VVho to Careene did make it bold,
 To hale their Ships into the Mo :
 The *Orange* Fire-ship, was there too.

Who

42 The Straights Voyage : 02

VWho down the *Straights* did with us go :
Likewise 'bove thirty Merchantmen,
VWho down the *Straights* saild with us then :
So that we had them in our Fleet,
'Bove fifty Sail, both small and great ;
Like brood of Chickens, they close clings,
Under the shelter of our wings.
In our Main-top, we bore the Light,
The *Darmouth* in the Rear all night,
The *Orenge* carried the Dark light.
VWith this brave Fleet, and gallant Gale,
The fourth of *May*, we did set Sail ;
From *Legoru* Port, and left it standing,
Where we did find it at our Landing.
One Major *Keene*, aboard us came,
And to Sir *John* did say the same ;
If that your Honour think it meet,
I'de gladly be one of your Fleet :
'Cause of those Pirats of *Argeir*,
Sir, I do stand in mighty fear.
Sir *John* him took for one of the Fleet,
Then he the Master straight did greet ;
For Sailing-Orders, which I wrote,
In *Spanish* Tongue, though in mean sort.
Betwixt *Legorne*, and *Alicant*,
One Night fair Wind we did not want :
But this poor little Major *Keene*,
As Merchants Ships, he came between.
They for a *Turk* did him Espie,
And there great Guns at him let Fly ;

He

He straight then from them boar away,
Under our Starn, fore it was day
He was, and came Aboard Sir *John*,
For to acquaint him of his wrong :
Some of his Shrouds was shot, thars all,
The harm they did him was but small.
Poor man, be sure he ever after,
Would always keep under our Quarter :
Likewise, that night one Merchant-man,
Stemling aboard of another ran ;
For help, he Fired then apace,
Our Topfail to the Mast we brace ;
Got out our Boats, made all things cleer,
Turks Men of War, we thought was there :
Like Lyon robbed of his Prey,
Sir *John* did hunt about I say,
And every minute pray'd for day.
To *Alicant*, in month of *May*,
We came upon the Fifteenth day ;
With all our Merchants Ships beside,
Till next day only, there we Ride.
On Sixteenth day we way'd and go,
With all Sails full for *Malthago* :
All *Turkish* Pirats in *Argaire*,
With our brave Fleet we did not fear.
The One and Twentieth day of *May*,
We came to *Malthago* by day :
Malthago-Sack, for night we got,
For Prodict here, we staid not :
Upon next day we loose our Sails,

And

44 The Straights Voyage, 02,

And bend our course next towards *Cales*,
 Towards the *Straights* mouth, then we did Sail
 But then we found *weſterly* Gale :
 The five and twentieth day therefore,
 VVe forced were for *Gibleſore*.
 Into the Bay here with our Yeaul,
 VVe went a Fiſhing with a Traule.
 Some Gentlemen for to ſee Sport,
 Aſhoar they did with us Reſort :
 One Spaniſh *Don* came bravely Mounted,
 For man worth Thouſands, I him counted;
 He rode cloſe to us within reach,
 Aſkt us what Luck we had of Fiſh :
 Plucks Hat from Head, of Captain *Stout*,
 Puts Spurs to Horſe, and wheels about :
 Away he Rides, like valiant Knight,
 That had Achieved ſome great Fight.
 VWho'd think a Perſon of ſuch Feature,
 Should be of ſuch baſe pilfering Nature.
 VWhen I do think of this Diſaſter,
 I think upon *Lazarelloes* Maſter ;
 VWho Cloathes wore like ſome great *Dor*,
 But Money never he had none.
 May Twentieth, we looſe our Sails,
 Once more we bend our courſe towards *Cales* :
 The VVind it prov'd a ſtrong Levant,
 VWhich was the VVind that we did want.
 Next day we got to *Cales* therefore,
 The thundring Canons they did Roar ;
 Birth day it was of *Charles* our King,

Whole

1669. St. Davids Poem. 45

VVhole Peals of Cancns we made Ring.
Each Merchants Ship; also did Fire,
VVhat Guns they had, from small to greater:
For they had cause for to rejoyce,
As well as we, with Heart and Voice.
Cause he doth Seamen bravely Pay,
That Guards their Ships, both night and day.
Our *Davids* Sister, whom we call
 St Putrick , here Vice-Admiral,
Of Fleet of *Hollanders* did Ride,
VVith several Men of VVar beside.
Here we three whole weeks here did lagg,
A waiting for Sir *Edward Spragge* ;
These Merchant Ships from us to take,
And guard beyond the *Southward* Cape:
The Merchants cause he stay'd so long,
Came to Sir *John* with Reasons strong.
And him perswaded to Convey
Them *England* too, without delay.
We watered then, made all things fit,
Unto Old *England* for to get:
Then Boot-hose-tops we gave *Saint David* ,
And on the Yards did shout and brave it:
To think upon our *English* Girls,
We joyful was as any Earls.
But all our Joys were quite diminisht,
Before our work we had quite finisht:
For we saw the Vice-Admiral,
Come with his Squadron, great and small.
Our Mirth to Sorrow, all was turn'd,

46 **The Straights Uoyage :** 02,

Our hearts within our Bosoms burn'd :
To our acquaintance there Aboard,
We could not one good word afford.
For Enemies we did them take,
And to them one good word wont speak:
For they away our Fleet convey'd,
With sorrow left us ill apaid :
And likewise so was each Ships Master,
Most sorrowful at this disaster :
For they such love had for Sir *John*,
The like they never had for none.

*This for the Second will suffice,
Perhaps you'l think in it there's Lies ;
But Ile assure you it is true,
To each man Ile give but his due.*

The End of the second Part.





The third Part.

*The third Part now so far reach,
As to Messina at one stretch;
And if your Patience ben't out-worn,
Perhaps will reach back to Legorn.*

A Bout this time, in this same Road,
We heav'd our Purser over-board;
It seems his body was no stronger,
He died cause he could live no longer.
Enough of this, let's turn our Tale,
When from *Cates* Road then did we Sail;
Upon the sixteenth day of *June*,
We Sail'd away before twas Noon;
Towards *Tangeire*, Orders to take,
To make the Moors of *Salle* quake,
Lord *Howard* there, as I do tell yea,
No peace would make with' Moors of *Salle*.
That

44 **The Straights Voyage : 02,**

That very *June* the nineteenth day,
 VVe Anchor did in *Tangeire* Bay.
 Sir *John* was sick, and therefore,
 Could not my Lord wait on ashoar;
 Therefore my Lord, he did afford,
 To see Sir *John*, to come Aboard.
 Upon our Main-topgallant-mast-head,
 A young-man did a Jack-Flag spread :
 At each Yard Arm, our Pendants blow,
 Methoughts they made a goodly show :
 He Noble was to them oth' side.
 And to the Centuries beside.
 After his Treatment with Sir *John*,
 We quickly guesst the Conclusion.
 Powder we took in thirty Barrels,
 To vindicate Lord *Howards* Quarrels :
 To fight a Castle hard by *Salle* Bar,
 Cause we against them had got VVar.
 The four and twentied day of *June*,
 Our Anchors up we did get soon.
 The *Dartmouth*, and *Norfolk*, with us Sail,
 With pretty fresh Easterly Gale.
 When we unto this *Salle* did draw nigh,
 Two Sail of *Hollanders*, we did espie :
 With *Salle* men of War, which they had took,
 Another put Ashoar, which *Moors* forsook.
 That day, the twenty eighth of *June*,
 We saw that raging Bar in Afternoon ;
 Likewise the Fort, which to the *Southward*
 It very near was unto the Bars foot. (stood,
 Though

Though Sir *John*'s known of Courage bold,
 And by no Enemies, will be controul'd,
 If four Ships unto one appear,
 He doth not stand at all in fear;
 But for to fight against this place,
 Where for to tack, there is room scarce:
 In Ships so great of Charge as ours,
 Twere in the Air, for to build Towers.
 For if a Ship should miss to stay,
 'Tis shoare she soon might be, I say:
 Therefore we Cruiset about the Bar,
 To meet with *Salle* men of War;
 But meeting none, we Sail'd away,
 No boot 'twas for us, there to stay:
 And towards *Tangeir*, away we Sail,
 With pretty handsome *South-west* Gale.
 Truly the Fourth, we there Arived,
 And found it standing where we left it:
 Again that very night we waighed,
 But by my Lord, again was staied;
 Because he did intend to go,
 To *Cales* with us, next day also.
 Reparations therefore we did make,
 Ship-board, my Lord, next day to take:
 We got up Flag-staff, all things meet,
 With honour now, my Lord to Treat;
 But minds of Great men, oft do change,
 A thing it is, more true than strange:
 My Lord he then, not being ready,
 Into *Cales* Road we steered steady.

50 *The Straights Voyage* : 02,

At three a Clock, he sixth of *July*,
From *Tangeir*, we did Sail most dully :
And at Eleven that same day,
We gained *Cales-Road*, I do say.

Five Merchant-men there of good force,
We found, which staid there for us :
For they up to the *Straights* were bound,
And did salute us, each one round.
We watered then, made all things fit,
VVhat things we wanted, we did get :
And on *July*, the fifteenth day,
From *Cales-Road* we did part away :
But in the *Bay* of *Bulls* next day,
VVe dropped Anchor and did stay :
Because a Fleet of Merchant-men,
VVe did espie, a coming then.

The Convoy of that Fleet was then,
The *Fearsey*, and *Centurian* ;
Two of our Squadron, these Ships was,
The matter it was ordered thus.
As we go up, then they come down,
And so our Convoys, they go round :
No better way was ever taken,
Nor will be when the same's forsaken.
The sixteenth day, away we Sail,
VVith pretty fresh, and merry Gale :
VVith Fire-ship, we eight Sail are,
The *Argereens*, we do not fear :
But in *Straights*-mouth, good wind we want,
For we did find a strong *Levant*.

VVe

1670. St. Davids Poem. 51

We tare our Rigging, split our Sails,
 Levant strong blows, there's naught avails :
 We Anchored then, and broke our Cable,
 Under *Cape Sprat*, there nothing able,
 To do good 'gainst this Wind, as yet,
 Before its Venome it hath spit.
 The Twenty First, got Anchor hold,
 Under the *Cape*, before is told.
 New Sails brought too, and Rigging mended,
 Before next day, it was half ended.
 The Two and Twentieth, we did waigh,
 And then got into *Tangeir Bay*,
 Where we Sir *Thomas Allen* saw,
 But Current won't, lets near him draw :
 With several Frigots which did Ride,
 In *Tangeir Bay*, with him beside.
 VVe him saluted, though I'me sure,
 VVe were a League from him, and more.
 Two Pinks, one Ketch, he sent to us,
 For to convoy them up the *Straights* :
 The Ketch she had Commanders in,
 For the *Advice*, and *Garnsey*, which were slain;
 For they did die both in the Bed of Honour,
 In the Defence of our brave Banner :
 With seven Sail of best Ships of *Argeir*,
 They bravely fought, & stood no whit in fear.
 And did secure some Merchant-men,
 In company were with them then.
 July the Twenty Sixth, we stood,
 That day unto *Malbago Road* :

52 The Straights Voyage: ,02

By reason fair wind we had got,
 At that same time we Anchored not ;
 But there our Boat she went ashoar.
 And Sack she brought Aboard good store :
 That night there was some drunk, some sober,
 And some were also half Seas over :
 Some men would Prate beyond their skill,
 When of this Sack, they'd got their fill.
 And when you tell them on't next day,
 They do not know then what you say.
 Nay, that same time, if but a Swabber,
 He'll swear, he'll Rig a Ship all over.

The fourth of *August* next, I say,
 We got to *Almarea Bay* :
 Because we then fair wind did want,
 But on the sixth, got *Alicant* :
 Where we did get Wine special good,
 Called by *Englishmen*, Ox-blood.
 Like Blood it is, for it doth cherish,
 Both Heart and Body, and us nourish.
 That very Night, we weigh'd again,
 And sailed back towards *Catergean* ;
 To fetch one Merchant-man oth' Fleet,
 Whom we had promised to meet.
 There off the *Cape*, for we did fear,
 Else she might meet Ships of *Alger* ;
 And so she had, for we did see,
 Under the *Cape*, there two to be :
 When they saw us, straight Sail they make,
 They had no mind with us to speak :

Could

Could we but Sail as well as they,
We their Arears would quickly pay :
But when we chase those Whores-birds they
Like Lightning from us run away :
They'r single Ships built all for Sayling,
Likewise they always are them cleaning.
Enough of them, we hoyle a taunt,
Our Sails, and steer for *Alicant* :
To take those Ships with us Aloft,
When they had livered Goods they brought ;
On tenth of *August*, we did get,
To *Alicant*, but they as yet,
Are not quite fixt ; therefore we stay,
Till that same *August*, the twelfth day,
Where we this blood of *Bulls* did drink,
Till some could hardly stand, I think.
'Tis sweet, Delicious, very tempting,
The Bottle is not long a emptying :
When that is out, we'll fill another,
When that is gone, we must have tother.
By this same time, then we are in,
To drink apace, we do begin ;
Some Healths to this friend, some to that,
Some swears you drink't not off, there's a cha
What with smoaking, drinking, there's a pother
That by and by, we do not know each other :
Fight then and quarrel with our dearest friend,
For sober men to speak, is to no end :
For nothing then is heard but ribble rabble,
'Mongst drunken men, for there's such a babble

54 The Straights Voyage: 82

You scarce can hear your own self speak,
For Mad-men then, you would them take.

If you the Reason now of this would know,
I straight unto you will it show:

To short Allowance, always goes poor men,
When they get drink that's good, tis great feast
Their *Beef*, and *Pork*, is very scant, (then;
I'me sure of weight, one half it want:

A kind of Horse-beans, they do get for Pease,
No nourishment at all there is in these:

Instead of *English* Cheese, and Butter,
A little Oyl we get, God wot, far worser.

A little Rice we get instead of Fish,
Which to you well is known, but a poor Dish:
Except good Spice to put in it, you had,
For with good Sauce, a Deal-board is not bad;
Our Drink, it is but Vinigar and water,
Four-shilling beer in *England*'s ten times better
So that when Saylor gets good Wine,
They think themselves in Heaven for th'time
It Hunger cold, all Maladies expels,
With cares oth' world, we trouble not our selves

I know the King far better doth allow,
But how to compass it, we do not know:
For Mutaneers, we will be never,
If that we keep but Life and Soul together.
Commanders few there are, wch thinks on this,
When they have daily each thing wch they wis
We seldom these same Festivals do use,
Which is the reason we do it abuse.

Our Dream by this time, now is out,
 The Boatswain winds his Call, now look about,
 Hark, hark, up Anchor, turn out before,
 Get Bars in Capstan, let's our Ship unmoar :
 The Gun is fired, Light in Top-mast shrouds,
 Aloft is mounted, though not near the Clouds.
 The foresaid day, at ten a Clock at night,
 A Stern we did leave *Aticant* then quite :
Porta Mahone, the place we next intend,
 Therefore for it, we strait our course do bend;
 A place it is, where *English* Hulk do lie,
 Which now our Ships of War, they careen by.
 Good Harbour this same is upon *Miork*,
 For Shiping very useful 'gainst the *Turk* :
 The King of *Spain*, doth to our King it lend,
 As in the Line before, for that same end :
 The entrance into this same place, is not wide,
 Not 'bove a Pistol shot, from side to side :
 Likewise a Castle of great force there stands,
 Which Ships as they, go in and out commands.
 The *Spaniard* they, are jealous of our Fleet,
 No more than seven a time, he will admit :
 For to come in, lest thas we should him wrong,
 Of that same place, which he has had so long.

The Sixteenth of this *August*, we
 Great storm of VVind had got at Sea ;
 Flashes of Lightning, claps of Thunder,
 Which made our men most greatly wonder.
 Our Mainsail, and our Mizzen, it did split,
 Our Foresail we did lower, and furl it :

66 The Straights Voyage : 0.

Near to the Islands we were then,
Which made us play our parts like men :
'Tis ne're the near to cry, God help,
And nothing do to save our self.
Mainfail and Mizen, we brought too,
Our Fore-yard we hoysed also :
In space of three quarters of an hour,
It Rain'd as fast as it could pou'r.
Porta Mabone, without delay,
We gain'd on *Augusts* eighteenth day ;
Where we alone did enter In,
The rest oth' Fleet not suffered then,
Because that we seven Sail did make,
No more into their Hive they'l take.

All sorts of Stores we here request,
We got yet something of the least :
We got one Anchor, and one Cable,
To ride our Ship were very able.
Bread, Wine, Hens, Eggs, all things were cheap,
One piece of Eight, would buy a Sheep.
A Hauser on each side ashoar,
On that same fashion here you moar.
Good Harbour this same is, when in,
No wind can harm you there one pin.
The twentieth day we weigh'd again,
And sailed towards *Legorn* amain :
The *Summer* Island Merchant we,
Did take into our Company :
Also one Fly-boat twice Retaken,
By Us, and *Turks*, and was forsaken ;

Unto

Unto *Marcellus*, her we would convey,
 But she was lost Ashoar, then by the way:
 For stid of the *Dartmouth's* light, she steer'd by;
 A light which on the Shoar was nigh; (lost
 And thus this same poor Fly-boat, then they
 Being before by much misfortune crost:
 She Pitcht so well ashoar, as God would have it
 That every Man and Boy, in her was saved.

September the fourth day, at Sea,
 Came out my *Ban Yean* Saturday:
 Invective 'twas against Purser, and his Crew,
 Because to Saylors, they won't give their due:
 And now the same unto you I'll rehearse,
 For thus I fram'd it to Sir *John*, in Verse.

'Tis for no harm I fall a Rhiming,
 My thinks the Bells are now a Chiming:
 Purser, Steward, Mate, all three,
 I wish them hang'd upon a Tree:
 Except that we have Scoffe for Dinner,
 It were no harm as I'me a sinner.

They say they give us what the King allows,
 They think they speak to fools, that nothing
 But they'r mistaken ith' matter quite, (knows:
 Were we their Judg, they'd hang outright:
 But seeing 'tis as 'tis, we cannot mend it, (it
 That last it should 6 months more, God defend
 The Voyage too long already hath been runing
 They'd have it last as long again, they'r cuning
 They have gilt to buy, what things they want,
 One penny 'mongst the Foremast-men is scant

58 **The Straights Voyage : 02,**

Though we belong unto the *David*, Saint,
For want of Victuals, we are nowgrown faint.

Our Beef, and Pork, is very scant,
I'me sure of weight, one half it want :
Our Bread is black, and Maggets in it crawl,
That's all the fresh Meat, we are fed withal;
When we these things to Sir *J. Harman* say,
Our Purser mends the matter for a day :
Thinking to make us weary of complaining,
But he upon our Bellies still is gaining.
Old *Taylor*, he both Calls and Bawls,
Dispatch, make haste, Aloft hammawls.
He is in haste, as if the Spits were turning,
Nay, in such haste, as if the Meat were burning:
But when the work is done, as I'me a sinner,
Foremast-men havenaught but bread for dinner
When we are sick, our Doctors Mate, poor soul
Doth ask us, when that we were last at stool;
If three or four days pass, that were defective,
He tells us that our Body's very costive.
And straight to us a Glisterpipe applys,
Put's Plug in Vent, and then away let flies;
Also some drams of Blood from us he'l take,
The Purser this Phisician work doth make :
Had men their victuals due, they'd go to stool,
Without his rare contrived Glister Tool.
Six Months short lowance now is due, & more,
We hope Sir *John* will think upon the poor :
That we his health may pray for at *Legorn*,
The prayers of poor men, are not quite forlorn
For

1670. St. Davids Poem. 59

For this we understand by Scripture Book,
 God on the prayers of poor, as rich doth look.
 Now to conclude this simple Rhim,
 Methings that it is quite high time.
 Heavens blefs Sir *John*, and all that's his,
 I'me sure, I do not pray amiss.
 As for the Purser, and his Crew,
 For this time I'll bid them adue ;
 Assuring them if matters are not mended,
 More they shall have before the Voyage be
 (ended.

*written on Ban Yeart Saturday,
 being Kettle Holy-day.*

We got upon September's seventh day,
 Unto *Legorn*, and Anchored there, I say ;
 Where our good Victualer came Aboard,
 And gave to us a parcel of fair words.
 But stinking Beef, he sent to us to eat,
 So that we count his fair words but a Cheat.
 Some Bacon that was good he sent likewise,
 But that was only for to blind our eyes :
 For when we were from *Legorn* Road,
 The Bacon was quite done, upon my word.

Upwards of Twenty days, we here did ride,
 With men of war, and Merchants Ships beside:
 A waiting for the *Lewis*, and the *Mary*,
 But they came not, the wind did hang contrary
 At that same place, *Italian* Shoes and Hose,
 On board us came, which kept warm our toes :

A

60 The Straights Voyage : 01,

A Cable New, here we did get,
Likewise some Hausers small and great :
We fore and main, and top-sail sheers got new,
With good maintacks, all fit for winters heu :
Our Sails we banded, and got new fore-top-sail,
Likewise of *Hollands Duck*, we got a Main-sail.
The boom-boat men, had little trading now,
For money to procure, men knew not how.
But with some men, the old trade it proceeded,
For some would sell their clothes, though
(clothes they needed.

October then the seventh day,
We from *Legorn*, did part away ;
But cause that one Ship came not out,
We Anchored there the other bout.
But on the Eighth, we weigh'd again,
And bent our course towards *Naples* then :
Bacon and *Beveridge* Wine to get,
'Cause at *Legorn* we had not it.
The wind being bad, back then we stood,
And Anchored then in *Legorn* Road :
On the tenth day, we weigh'd again.
And towards *Naples* sail'd amain,
But still the Wind it was cross grain'd.
For on the Eleventh, on my word,
We came once more for *Legorn* Road.
On thirteenth day, we weigh and go,
Betwixt the Main, and Isle *Lilbow* :
Our Coxon here over-board we,
Did heave, being stormy wind at Sea.

To

1669. St. Davids Poem. 61

To *Naples* that same famous City,
 We got the sixteenth day compleatly ;
 On seventeenth we *Prodick* get,
 'Twas the best place we came to yet.
 This place with plenty it is stored,
 Boom-boats on board, when we were moared:
 All things they brought, what you could name,
 And very cheap they sold the same :
 Here each man did a Dollar get,
 But we did buy no Lands with it ;
 Old trade it did proceed a pace,
 Some were half drunk for three days space :
 The Wine was cheap, and very good,
 It chear'd our hearts, and warm'd our blood :
 A quarter of a Sheep a shilling,
 You might buy for, if you are willing.
 The same *October*, five and twentieth day,
 From this place we did Sail away :
 Towards *Messena*, then we Sail,
 With pretty fresh *westernly* Gale.
 On twenty sixth, a Boom-boat came,
 Six Leagues to Sea to us, *George* by name :
 So eager they at this place, to get gains,
 That they don't stick for to take pains,
 On this Months one and thirtieth day,
 Unto *Messena* we did get, I say :
 But two days here, this time we stay,
 But straight for *Zant*, we Sail away :
 Three Merchant Ships with us did Sail,
 And got we had *westernly* Gale.

The

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The *Dartmouth* having sprung a Leak,
Here we did leave her, it to seek ;
With *Orange* Fire-ship to Careen,
One by the other, and make clean :
And we did get to Zant, I say,
Upon November, the sixth day.

*The third Part now, I quite have done,
For to the highest we are run :
For every day, we Home-wards do,
unto Old England bravely go ;
And in our Prayers, fair wind we crave,
That we may now short Passage have.*

The End of the third Part.





The fourth Part,

WE stopt at *Zant*, but four days space,
 Back to *Messina* we did Sail apace :
 No Ship was with us, we alone did Sail,
 Towards *Messina*, with brave *Levant-Gale* :
 Which we in three days gain alone,
 Being from *Messina* ten days gone.
 The *Dartmouth*, and the *Orange* can't,
 Believe that we have been at *Zant* ;
 In so short space indeed the Wind,
 Going and coming, stood our Friend.
 But stay, one thing I told yee not,
 I had it almost quite forgot :
 One night as we Sail'd with fresh breeze,
 Came up with us a *Tripolize* :
 Although that one Ship we don't fear,
 Our upper Guns we did make clear ;
 Our Pinnace we hoist over-board,
 Into the Sea, upon my word ;
 In morning soon as it was day,
Turks Flag at Topmast-head, I say :

We

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We did espie as he came near us,
 Because we peace had with them, he don't fear
 A little Tool she was, but full of men, (us :
 As whorf-birds, one by other could stand then.
 To windward they at least, two streaks did hele
 As they came sailing under our Quarter: Cher
 One *English* Runnegado came on board,
 Likewise one *Hollander*, upon my word: (ing,
 They told us they were twice aboard us com-
 As they under our Quarter, then were runing:
 They beg'd a Compass, told us Lies,
 Enough of them, this will suffice.

November the twelfth day alone,
 We tied Saint *David* to a Stone ;
 At *Messena*, one Fortnight there,
 Becaule we wanted wind was fair,
 No soul alive did ever see,
 Such Traffique as on board had we,
 All sorts of things they put to Sale,
 Except it were strong Beer and Ale :
 Silk-stockings, Carpets, Brande-wine,
 Silk Neckcloaths, also very fine :
 Cabidges, Carrerts, Turnips, Nuts,
 The last a man may eat from Sluts :
 Lemmons, Orenge, and good Figs,
Seracusa Wine also, and Eggs.
 If you no Money had then they'd Truckar,
 For Brande-wine out of their Jar :
 For Coats that's torn, and very old,
 They Wine or Brande, then give would.

Strange

Strange 'twas to see such filthy Raggs,
 As they would put into their Baggs :
 With Brande, Brande, Brande Wino,
 About they march most brave and Fino :
 On twenty seventh of November,
 We forlorn left them, I remember,
 With Dartmouth, and the Orange we,
 That very day did put to Sea.
 In one weeks time, though stormy weather,
 We gained Legorn Port, together.

Upon December, the fourth day,
 'Twas when we Anchored there, I say,
 Where Frigots two, and Merchant-men,
 We at an Anchor did find then :
 The *Fearsey*, and the *Garnsey*, they,
 Were the two Men of War, I say ;
 The *Lewis*, and the *Mary* too,
 With other Ships, a lusty Crew :
 Some were bound up for the *Levant*,
 But a fair wind that time they want :
 The *Mary* and the *Lewis* down,
 Who very glad were we them found :
 Thursday the eighth day, we did see,
 A Fleet of Ships appear from Sea :
 They *Newfound-land* men were then all,
 The *Swallow*, she was Admiral :
 The *Kent*, she was the other Convoy,
 They brought their Fleet along most bravely:
 They to *Legorn*, brought store of Fish,
 Which 'mongst *Italians* is good Dish.

They

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They Prodict did them straight afford,
 By reason of their Fish aboard ;
 Of our Comrades we did get Fish,
 Which we do look on as brave Dish :
 For Breakfast Mear, with little Oyl,
 This same poor *Jack* we fry and breyl :
 'Twas salt, and relisht well our Liqueur,
 I know no Breakfast meat more fitter.
 The Goods here of my Lord Ambassador,
 We now took in, cause of the War.
 Likewise three *Englishwomen* hence we carry
 To *England*, cause no longer here they'l carry
 But I must needs confesse to you,
 The reason of their Travels, I don't know :
 Perhaps 'twas to convert the Pope,
 For of that Sex, the best I hope.
 I forth the womb of woman came,
 Therefore that Sex I will not blame :
 The one is Motherly and staid,
 The other saileth for a Maid ;
 But Mistriss *Sarah* still shall be,
 The handsomest of all the three ;
 And shall within my *Journal* stand,
 A Beauty powerful to command.
 Part of Sir *John*, his Cabin they,
 Have to command on Board alway :
 For they unto the Vulgar sort,
 At no time will make their resort :
 But commonly do closly keep,
 Within their Cabin, where they sleep.

Unless sometimes to take the Air,
 They do resort in weather fair ;
 Upon the Quarter-deck, so high,
 The wonders of the Seas to spie :
 Also to Prayers, they seldom miss,
 They are Religious iure by this.
 Some men of Passion, more than wit,
 Will blame these Gentle-women yet :
 Gadders they'l say they are abroad,
 And will not them good word afford.

To this Objection now I say,
 Times and Occasions, serve they may ;
 For women for to pass the Seas,
 Their Minds and Fancies, for to please ;
 For they the same flesh are, and blood,
 As men are made of, and as good :
 And as good reason have they may,
 To cross the Seas, as some of they ;
 I see naught by them, but what's civil,
 Therefore by them I'le speak no evil.

This for the womens sake, was Pen'd,
 Not them desertless to commend :
 But 'cause the World shall see that I,
 A womans Friend will live, and die.
 Not as some Vulgars, by conjectures,
 Those in the least are not Protectors ;
 Of Ladies Chastities, for they,
 More than is truth, oft-times will say ;
 Of me, I pray, those things do'nt mis'use,
 But those foregoing Lines peruse.

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I hope the words that I heard last,
On Quarter-deck, some few days past:
Will also prove from them most true,
Whom I most kindly bid adue.

Enough now of these Female Creatures,
Of their Behaviours, and their Features.
Let's now some other things peruse,
I'll straight ways tell you all the News:
The *Fearsey* told to us therefore,
That She and four good Frigots more,
Six Sail of *Turks* had put a shoar:
Under *Cape Sprat*, as in their stations,
They watching lay, the *Turks* ships motions.

Some *Hollanders* from Sea them chase,
To the *Straights* mouth they high apace:
Whereas I told yea once before,
The *Fearsey*, and four Sail lay more:
There was two Ships there of our Squadron,
Called the *Fearsey*, and *Centurian*;
The *Hampshire*, and the *Portmouth* she,
Likewise the *Forefight* did them see:
All things then fitted and made clear,
When they did to their sight appear.

Per force they might to Leeward bear,
Because the *Dutch* to Windward were -
Where our brave Frigots took them up,
Being glad that night with them to Sup:
Our Iron Dogs did at them Roar,
Which made them stand in towards th' shoar.
But we did tear them whole Planks out,
Which put them Rogues all to the Rout.

Our Captains Five, all plaid their parts,
 Like men of stout and valiant Hearts;
 They Tore them, you ne're saw the like,
 Being near the shoar they will not strike:
 At two a Clock fore day therefore,
 Their Ships to Rights, they ran Ashoar:
 Where fourscore Slaves, Christians we take,
 And Freeman of them we did make.
 Two of those Pirat men of War,
 Did force these Slaves to run ashoar:
 One *English-man* got to *Tangeir*,
 Which to *Cape Sprat*, is pretty near:
 And out of seventeen Hundred men,
 Said but seven Hundred, they did master then:
 We sent our Boats, and burnt them all,
 As they ashoar lay, both great and small.
 The smallest had got Thirty Guns,
 And was at least Two Hundred Tuns:
 From Thirty unto Fifty they were Gun'd,
 But thanks be unto God, now they are burnd.
 And may those Pirats all come to such ends,
 Then they would gladly be with us good friends
 They to *Mahomet* much did trust,
 They cut a Sheep in middle just;
 Hide, Head, Heart, Tail, and Horns, and all,
 And on *Mahomet*, they did call.
 With conjuring words, they on my word,
 Did on both sides throw over-board.
 In time of Fight, we them oppress,
 They help besought in their distress.

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But he asleep, I think was then,
For he wont hearken to these men ;
Or else some business great, he had to do,
No ear he gave to his heathen Crew.
They which escaped with their Lives,
Taffelet made as bad as Slaves ;
Because *Argeir* took *Guylands* part,
He vow'd for that, he'd make them smart ;
For he and *Guyland*, were great Foes,
And oft-times had exchanged blows.
It was *August*, the thirteenth day,
When we did act this same, I say :
Some few disasters like this same,
These roguish Pirates would soon tame.

These heathen *Turks* have been so bold,
That seize on Kings Ships, these Rogues would ;
Witness the *Speedwel*, and the *Faulcon*,
As they conveyed New-found-land men :
Where Captain *Hubbard* life lost quite,
By these Rogues, when he was in fight :
Some Merchants Ships from us they took,
When men their Ships had once forsook.

Also in Ship, call'd *Mary Rose*,
Brave Sir *John Kempthorn* they oppose,
Though they were seven, he but one,
With courage bold, yet he went on :
And fought them bravely, made them run,
Be ore that he with them had done.

Two Captains they kill'd in a trice,
In Ships call'd *Garnsey*, and *Advice* :

They

They fought most bravely with seven Sail,
 To pay them off, they did not fail :
 Their Captains died in Bed of Honour,
 In the defence of our brave Banner :
 The *Turks* Vice-Admiral did careen,
 The *Gernsey*, and *Advice* between :
 Cause of her Leaks, for they did hit her,
 At that same time, twixt wind and water :
 Had then the wind a little freshed,
 We at that time had her so threshed ;
 That they at all need not to fear,
 Her ever going to *Argeir*.
 When they saw by them, they got nought,
 But still receiv'd good as they brought ;
 They would no longer with them stay,
 But hoyst their Sails, and went away :
 For they to Sayling more do trust,
 Than to their Fighting, and needs must ;
 Our great shot, they can't long abide,
 For they have Thin and Paper-side.

So much of these same *Argereens*,
 Who next will treat of our own Friends ;
 Who ready were with us to Sail,
 Before I told yea this last Tale.
 It was the *Mary*, and the *Lewis*,
 On *Thursday* fore that we eat *Brewis* ;
 For on the *Italians Christmas-day*,
 We all from *Legorn* Sail'd away :
 Which fore our *Christmas*, is ten days,
 Accounted by them just always :

We

72 **The Straights Voyage : 02,**

We Sail'd away with small Levant,
Which we did three days after want :
For then the Wind came to the *West*,
Which well is known now of the best :
On nineteenth in the morning then,
The VVind proved Levant again :
Against the *western* Seas we thunder,
As if 'twould beat our Boughs afunder ;
This blew not Home, for at the best.
The twentieth day it was *Northwest*.

The two and three and twentieth day,
Great storm of VVind we had at Sea :
Our Mainsail forth the Boltrops blew,
What I do tell you, is most true :
Such storm this Voyage we never had,
Indeed 'twas weather very sad.
Two men were Duckt at Main-yard Arm,
Being new Mainsail, yet no harm
They go ; that time as God would have it,
But they got in again, and both were saved :
Drank each a pint of wine, kept inside warm,
By means whereof, the outside took no harm ;
On four and twentieth day we had,
Brave weather, which made our hearts glad.

The *Orange*, *Lewis*, and the *Mary*,
Left us this time by VVinds contrary :
But them we hope to meet again,
At Sea, or *Alicant* in *Spain* :
The *Dartmouth* she doth still stick by us,
On our Lee-quarter she keeps nigh us.

All weather that from Skie doth blow.

She far from us doth never go :

Also upon that stormy day,

She had a man washt quite away :

The VVind so feircely it did blow,

That him to save, they could not go :

Boat over-board for to hoysse then,

Was way for them to loose more men.

Our *Christmas* we do keep at Sea,

Upon *Decembers* five and twentieth day,

But cause that it did happen on a Sunday,

Our Fidler plays on Saturday and Munday.

Some give him Money, some good Wine,

The Rogue doth tope his nose, till he is blind.

Instead of Rost-beef, and Plum-pies,

Good Houghs of Bacon, doth us now suffice.

With Puddings mixt with Fruit and Oyl,

In furnace this same day we boyl :

Our Gunners Pudding made so great,

That twenty men could scarce it eat :

With Swords and Pistols, forth the Cook-room

They it convoy'd into the Gun-room :

Silk Flag, they also did display,

As they this Pudding fetcht away :

Which 'mongst our men, caus'd great laughter

The Ensign will be told on't after :

As he doth in his VVherry row,

There doth this Pudden Ensign-bearer go :

Yet he the honour had to bear,

A Flag before a Pudden rare.

74 The Straights Voyage : 02,

'Bout this time fell a sad mischance,
 Roger our Boar fell in a Trance;
 This *Christmas-tide* he died for hunger,
 For want of Meat, could live no longer.

Methinks, could but this poor Boar speak,
 To this effect, he'd silence break.

Oh brother *Sumpter*, you live high,
 You will not me poor Boar come nigh;
 I'm in distress, and want good Meat,
 You Delicates do dayly eat:

Did you but feel the Hunger, I
 Do dayly feel, you soon would die.

My Children I leave Fatherless,

My Wife also in great Distress:

You also wrong your self, my Body great,
 When I am dead you will not eat:

Good Brawn I am, if but well fed,
 But good for naught if this time dead;

For I am Thin, and very Lean,
 You always keep my Teeth so clean.

O Brother, unkind for ever unto you,
 I do at this time, bid my last adue;

But yet I pray, been't so unkind,
 To starve my Wife, I left behind.

One Hair which on my back doth grow,
 For Coblars Ends, I won't bestow;

To Brotherhood unkind like you,
 And so once more, Adue, adue.

These were the last words, spoke poor Boar,
 When this was said, he straight gave ore:

And

1670. St. Davids Poem. 75

And died ; and then upon my word,
We straightway heav'd him over-board.

Decembers thirtieth day, with small Levant,
We early Anchor dropt at *Alicant* :

Where we to our great griefs did hear,
The *Orange, Mary, Lewis*, came not there ;
Which we in stormy Gulph of *Lyons* lost,
For a new search, we backwards now are forst:
We that same very night did weigh again,
To find them off the *Cape*, but all in vain :

With pretty fresh Levant, we beat the Seas,
But yet could hear no news, our minds to please
But only by some Frigot we did hear,
How that Sir *Edward Spagge*, had took *Argeir*:
A Ship so called of that Town,

The *Turks* they had her run on ground ;
But he did get her off again,
And bravely brought her into *Spain*.

The Christian Slaves seeing this disaster,
Fall on the *Turks*, what they could master ;
They stopt from running then ashoar,
And Slaves we made of them therefore :

So they from Slaves, was made men free,
And *Turks* from Freeman, Slaves to be :
This was the first Voyage she did make,
When that Sir *Edward* did her take :
And may they all come to such fortune,
'Twould better be for us, I'me certain.

So much concerning this same *Turk*,
Let's now return to our old work ;

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Of looking out for our lost sheep,
 The *Cape*, and Islands round, we sweep :
Miork , *Minork* , and *Iversey* ,
 We seach about our lost to see :
 He that the *Mary* first can see,
 Two Dollars in his way 'twil be.
 We look out sharp, no news can hear,
 Pray God they are not in *Argeir* :
 But yet I think, they'd make good fight,
 'Tis not three *Turks*, would them affright.

One six and thirty Guns doth carry,
 And she by name, is call'd the *Mary* :
 For two *Turks* Ships, she doth not care,
 At Mizen Top-mast Head most fair ;
 Saint *George's* Flag, she bears withal,
 A three Deck ship she is and tall :
 The Caprain is of Courage bold,
 For *Turks* he will not be contrould ;
 Captain *Hunt* he's call'd, good Ships he ever,
 Did sail forth of brave *Londons* River,
 The *Lewis*, she hath twenty four,
 A true Consort both day and hour,
 She'd do what lay within her power.

In *Orange* Fire-ship, Captain *Ball*,
 Would execution do withal.

So that they handsome Fight would make,
 Before the *Turks* they should them take :
 But that we fear now most of all,
 The *Orange* Fire-ship, Captain *Ball* ;
 She was so Leaky and so old,

That

That we doe fear the founder would,
But God who knows each thing above,
I hope that fear will soon remove.

January, the fourth day from Sea,
We did approach near *Iversy* :
We Anchored, sent our Boat to hear,
Whether or no they had been there ;
No news being there, we went to work,
Heav'd up our Anchor for *Miork* :

January the fifth day we got,
Unto *Miork*, but found them not :
The *Dartmouth* Pink, before call'd Ketch,
We found her in our morning watch ;
One Merchant Ship there was beside,
Which at an Anchor here did ride.

The *Spaniards* us no Prodict gave,
Because so many Guns we'll have,
As we gave him ; but he'll have odds,
He Vow'd, and Swore, by all his gods ;
That Governour, presumtuious Elf,
May take a Knife and hang himself ;
Before that we'll him honour so,
Therefore a way strait-ways we go ;
With *Dartmouth* in our company,
That fifth day we did put to Sea :
Unto the Eastward we did stretch,
Once more our lost to find, we search :
Three Sail of Ships, we then espied,
As they unto the Westward plied :
We strait-way thought, they were our lost,

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But by misfortune we were crost:
 For they were *Frigots Kent* and *Swallow*,
 The *Lawson*, Merchant-man, them follow;
 Without Main-top-mast, cause that she,
 Her Main-cap then, had spent at Sea:
 With pensive hearts, we turn again,
 And bend our Course, next for the Main:
 And four days after we did steer,
 Into the Bay called *Aleer*;
 With *Dartmouth* in our company,
 The *Kent* and *Swallow*, left at Sea:
 Who that same time, fair wind did want,
 To gain that Port call'd *Alicant*:
 Here we got Water store, and Wine,
 The *Spaniards* they were very kind:
 The ninth day we did get the Bay,
 And staid only till next day;
 Then weigh'd again, though wind but scant,
 On twelfth day we got *Alicant*.

The *Mary* and the *Lewis*, here we found,
 Which made our joys at this time to abound:
 No news of the poor *Orange* we,
 Can here since we her lost at Sea:
 We give her over quite for lost,
 The men all to be drown'd, that's worst.

'Bout twenty Sail of small Craft we,
 Were found now bound with us to Sea:
 But first we Liqueur'd well our Brains,
 Which made well for the *Spaniards* gains:
 We drank store of this blood of *Bulls*,

And

And so we parted from these Culls.
Upon the fourteenth we did weigh,
With all our Fleet we put to Sea :
Where we a small Levant had got,
But long the same it lasted not ;
On fifteenth day to the *Southwest*,
It came, which was none of the best.
Some of our men *Pooke* Pudding got,
And run with it in the Fore-top ;
They eat it all, 'tis very true,
And gave the Bag unto the Sow :
With as good will, they could I swear,
Have eat him, had they had him there ;
Or else they would a broke his Neck,
But he keeps on the Quarter-deck :
And if the Top were there, I say,
Perpaps he enter in it may.

No Luck did follow this same Jest,
The VVind blew hard at the *Southwest* :
On sixteenth day, it blew a storm,
But yet the small men took no harm ;
Only a little separated,
Some Leagues asunder, being parted :
We bore up Helm, and lookt them out,
Eefore two days were past about ;
We did them bring once more together,
For all the late fierce stormy weather.
Only one Ship did go astray,
He was cross grained known, alway.

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Of the *west* Country him we found,
With *Killick* down, near *Table Round* :
Sir *John* his Pinnace sent Aboard,
But he would scarce give them good word :
Do what we can, proffer a Tow,
This cross-grain'd man won't with us go :
Perhaps his Ship he hath secured,
And then her loss may be indured ;
And by her loss, he will get gain,
Although his poor men suffer pain :
For they their *VV*ages all are forst,
To loose, if in this Nature crost.

Now we have calm days, two or three,
For the late storm indured we :
But on the two and twentieth day,
The *VV*ind came to *Southwest*, I say ;
It only breath'd a little while,
Poor simple Saylor to beguile :
God send it fair, for we would fain,
With joy Old *England* see again.
Now for *Rocæta* we did steer,
Which is to *Almare* a near :
Here is a Castle doth command,
Three or four Guns which in it stand.

The little *Dartmouth*, and the *Kent*,
Alongst the shoar from us they went ;
To look that same *west* Country Hick,
Which at our Kindness once did Kick :
Now they have orders him perforce,
To take, which for him will be worse.

Him.

1670. St. Davids Poem. 81

Himself he cannot well excuse,
Sir *John* his patience to abuse.
The three and twentieth day fore night,
Of this *Rocæta* we got fight;
Until next day there we did Ride,
With all our Merchant Ships beside.

Likewise the three and twentieth day,
Of this same *January* we;
Our Ships sides scrapt, and also paid,
On upper Streaks, we Blackin laid:
On four and twentieth day, we then
Did hele our Ship, and make her clean:
And from *Rocæta* we did weigh,
On that same four and twentieth day;
With small Levant, and easie Gale.
On Afternoon we did set Sail.

Good Wind there is at this same place,
But yet the same is something scarce:
Their Sheep and Poultry is not scant,
But yet the same cheap price they want.

The *Kent* and *Dartmouth*, when we weigh;
We saw in *Almarca* Bay;
With that some small *West* Country-man,
Which they in Tow, had got a Stern;
All this same night, with handsome Gale,
Alongst the Shoar we bravely Sail;
But this same little Levant Wind,
Till next day only stands our Friend:
So calm it proved then withal,
It would not fill least Sail, though finall.

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And on the twenty seventh day,
It came to the *Southwest*, I say :
Once more we from *Roceta* steer,
And then we went a Fishing there ;
Where we got store of *Mullets* Fish,
By *Spaniards* counted dainty Dish :
The thirtieth day we weigh again,
The Hills all full of Fogs, and Rain :
Which *Spaniards* count, sign of Levant,
Which the next day did not want.

A great disaster now befel,
To our Cooks Mate, which now I'll tell ;
With bag of Rice, nigh hand a Peck,
He stood at Capstant bout his Neck ;
Which he had pinch't at times away,
His place he lost by it, I say :
I shall not name him, but a place,
He did not want, though they were scarce ;
For they a Swabber of him made,
Though he lik't best his former Trade ;
Now he must Swab first here, then there,
They make him flourish every where :
The poor man lives a Life so bad,
'Twould make some Hair-brain'd man go mad
But this himself he comforts by,
The Voyage doth to an end draw nigh.

This was the Day, oth' Martyrdom,
Of *Charles* the First, King *James's* Son ;
And our Kings Father, who did Die,
By *Taylors* hands, sad Tragedy.

There.

Therefore each Ship his Colours bears,
 But half mast up, in mournful ways ;
 And Sir *John*, he doth first begin,
 To Fire, as to a Burying :
 Each Gun a Minutes space asunder,
 And so the whole Fleet, they did thunder ;
 Which made the *Spaniards* greatly wonder.

There's naught uncertain more than wind,
 And Money called, a - the Friend :
 For on the one and thirtieth day,
 It chopt about again, I say :
 But on the first of *February*,
 It came unto the Eastward bravely ;
 And blew a fresh Levant withal,
 Which fill'd our Sails, both great and small ;
 So that upon the third day we,
 The Town of *Malbago* did see :
 And then it left us to our fortune,
 The winds being various and uncertain.

This *Malbago*, we drunk good store,
 And dear we paid for it therefore :
 Though *Spaniards* sold it at cheap price,
 Our Hucksters they were over wise :
 For now three pounds a quarter Cask,
 They sold it for what they would ask :
 They had it now without dispute,
 It would a bought a man a Sure :
 'Tis for Pay-day, that now they drink,
 Which e're it comes, long time they think.
 There-

84 The Straights Voyage : 02,

Therefore to drink away sad care,
For price these poor men will not spare :
Now each man his half quarter Cask,
So common was, as if a Flask.

A week in this same muddy sort,
We Rid, methoughts it was good sport ;
To see them reel about with Casks,
As at *Legorn* they did with Flasks :
But I that week, was out the way,
Which I want sorry for it, I say.

Until the tenth day, here we Rid,
With all our Fleet also beside :
Now for next Tavern we are bound.
Therefore from hence we did break ground :
The Boatswain winds his cawl, get bars,
In Capstant, come let's to the Wars ;
My Boys, to *Cales* we next are bound,
And then adue to Spanish Ground.
A fair wind now we did not want,
For we did get a strong *Levant* ;
Which unto *Cales* did bring us bravely,
The thirteenth day of *February* :
Where we did than Sir *Edward* see,
With several Ships of Merchantree :
Likewise his Squadron there most bold,
Which for *Turks* ships, won't be contrould.
The *Hampshire* we did find, and *Portsmouth*,
The *Victory* Fire-ship, and the *Nonsuch* :
The *Argeire* Frigot likewise we,
There at an Anchor now did see.

1669. St. Davids Poem. 85

All which belong'd unto his Squadron,
Besides of Merchant Ships, a Chaldron:
For always when you come to *Cales*,
You find the Harbour full of Sails.
Sir *William Jennings*, he came in,
The sixteenth day with Merchant-men:
He then the *Princess* did command,
The *Falcon* did his second stand.

His men his Livery did wear,
Ashoar at *Cales*, most brave and fair:
I mean his Boats-crew for his love,
From them no time he will remove;
For he great love hath for his Crew,
The truth I'll speak, give him his due.

The twentieth day, with *Falcon* he,
And several Ships of Merchantre:
From *Cales* Road, then did Sail away,
Bound for the *Straights* they were, I say;
For they that time fair Wind had got,
Therefore they weigh'd, and lingred not.

February one and twentieth day,
We all from *Cales* did Sail away:
'Bove forty Sail, both great and small.
From *Cales* that day, we Sailed all.

Sir *Edward Sprage*, came out that day,
But yet he Sailed not away:
He for some Victualers then did tarry,
Up in the *Straights* with him to carry.

The VVind being Notherly we Sale,
Unto the Westward, with brave Gale:

Adue

86 The Straights Voyage : 01,

Adue to *Spain* and *Spanish* ground,
 Now to Old *England* we are bound.
 You *English* Giles, look in your Glasses,
 For now we fancy *English* Lasses :
 Your *Spanish* Girles no more we'l fancy,
 But Peg, and Mol, sweet Sue, and Nancy ;
 And we'l bring home some *Spanish* Sherry,
 On purpose for to make you Merry.
 Long time 'twas since our last Adue,
 Yet oft-times have we thought on you ;
 And many a cheerful *Spanish* Cup,
 In your remembrance we have Supt :
 Indeed the same did you no good,
 But yet it cheer'd, and warm'd our Blood :
 We long to see you, may our Sails,
 Be always full of Southwest Gales ;
 And then in short time we shall come,
 Once more to our desired Home :
 Upon the three and twentieth day,
 We *Cape Saint Marys* saw, I say :
 The Winds hang Notherly, therefore,
 For better dayly we Implore.
 The seven and twentieth day than we,
 Five *Portugals* did see at Sea ;
 An Admiral, and Vice-Admiral,
 With three Sail more, which were but small.
 New Moon, New Month, New Wind,
 The first of *March*, did stand our friend ;
 For now it came to the Southwest,
 Which to you well is known the best.

And

And boldest for us may it stand,
 Till we get sight of *English* Land :
 Where we our old Friends then shall see,
 I hope with Mirth and Jollity :
 Then all the Hardship we endured,
 This Voyage, in one month will be cured.
 When we get with the Maids to play,
 When they are making of the Hay ;
 The Milkmaids Pales, we seize on shall,
 Drink up their Milk, and pay for't all :
 Though they at first are something nice,
 With them we will not stand for price :
 Good Sack we send for Sullebubs,
 We drink them in these Milkmaids Tubs ;
 And more than that, we an't such Clowns,
 But we will give to them green Gowns :
 If they so willing are as we,
 'Tis ten to one but that may be.
 But hold my Muse, with sorrow mourn,
 Because the VVind doth forwards turn :
 Our Sheets hald Aft, and Tacks Aboard,
 On second day, upon my word.
 But yet we hourly hope the best,
 That it will come to the *Southwest* :
 Our Prayers at this time God did hear,
 For fore 'twas night the VVind came fair :
 At the *Southwest*, with merry Gale,
 Till two a Clock third day we Sail ;
 And then it chopt up to the *west*,
 Which is not bad, nor yet the best :

But

88 The Straights Voyage : 02,

But if it doth not over blow,
Our Course we bravely still shall go.

On fifth day, then the VVind did come,
Unto the *South*, but blew not home :
And on the sixth to *South-Southwest*,
Which was as good as was the best :
The *Mary* her Main-top-mast lost,
This day by fortune being crost :
We straight ways after her did bear,
And proffered help what we could spare.
They gave us thanks for our good will,
But they a Top-mast had got still ;
And Men and Seamen did not want,
With speed to get the same Alant :
Her Top-mast, Main-sail, split that day,
Which they unbent without delay :
This same mischance was Afternoon,
But she her Geer did fix full soon :
Eor fore that it was night than we,
Her Top-mast through the *Cape* did see :
Next day full soon it was a Taunt,
And may it stand I pray God grant :
For Sir *John Harman* will not loose,
Her company for Friends nor Foes :
All other Ships he left to follow,
If they did please the Frigor Swallow ;
He and the *Dartmouth*, by the *Mary*,
Let VVinds blow fair, or contrary,
She carry doth on Poop a Light,
And we keep near to her all Night.

I in the *Mary* now do Sail,
 Towards Old *England* with brave Gale :
 And about this time a Coat I wanted,
 Which by some Verses soon was granted ;
 For cause the VVeather it was cold,
 These Lines to rights, I strait-ways Scrould :

C ontrary VVinds and VVeather bad,
 A watch Coat's good, being thinly clad :
 P ray be not angry, I Rehearse,
 T o you my mind, Sir, now in Verse :
 A watch Coat 'board of the Saint *David*,
 I had the Boat-swains, and did wear it :
 N ow I have none, though it be cold,
 E nough is said, I'me something bold.

H Owever cold, yet in a storm,
 U seful 'twould be to keep one warm :
 N ow I suppose 'tis high time,
 T o end at present this same Rhim.

This same I writ in windy Night,
 When that the cold did me despight.
 The wisht effects these Verses had,
 For I had Coat, me warmly clad :
 Thanks I return unto the Giver,
 I wish I may such Coat want never.

90 **The Straights Voyage : 02**

Of Northern *Cape* we had the length,
 By vertue of this same VVinds strength;
 But now at eight a Clock at night,
 The VVind came forwards, Oh despight!
 But who can help this same misfortune,
 This *Marches* weather's most uncertain.
 The eighth and ninth, VVinds Nor-Nor-west,
 Did coldly blow, I do protest:
 But yet we hope that better VVind,
 Will in short time now stand our friend.
 The tenth day in the morning early,
 The VVind came to the VVestward bravely;
 Then from the VVest to Sou-sou-west,
 The VVind most bravely did increase:
 And yet again in Afternoon,
 Unto the VVest, but soon was done;
 And to the Northward it did Veer,
 Uncertain VVinds this month there are;
 With mizling Rains, and haizy weather,
 The VVind is fickle all together.
 At twelve a Clock at Night it came,
 To the South-east, but almost calm;
 From the South-east, to the South-west,
 It came, and then we thought the best:
 Because it round the Compass run,
 At that same season with the Sun,
 But yet the same had quickly done.

For we did find to our hard fortune,
 The VVinds once more to be uncertain.

For Northerly the VVind it came,
 And very hard did blow the same ;
 For four days space fierce stormy weather,
 With shores of Rain, and Gusts together :
 But when the stormy Gusts were past,
 Brave serene weather came at last.
 For on the sixteenth day we Sail,
 Almost quite calm, with easie Gale :
 And now we hope that change of VVind,
 At this same time will stand our friend :
 VVe are befriended with fair weather,
 And little VVind four days together :
 From us by *English* Ship we hear,
 The *Lizard* doth *Northeast* now bear ;
 From it 'bove fourscore Leagues we are,
 I wish that we had VVind was fair ;
 In little time we should it Sail,
 Had we but handsome Top-sail Gale.

The *Mary* on the eighteenth day,
 New Top-mast did get us, I say :
 The former being old and crackt,
 This last they set it nothing lackt ;
 They in Main-top-sail two Reefs had,
 Low set to carry in weather bad :
 Before perforce they hand it must,
 For every suddain stormy Gust :
 Or else a sprung a Mast for we,
 This *March* bad weather find at Sea.

On nineteenth, and on twentieth day,
 From North, to the *Northeast*, I say ;

Once

92 The Straights Voyage : 92,

Once more into that hole it came,
Though we hop't better of the calm.

'Bout ten days space, we weather had,
Thick as Peas Portage, very bad :
It is that time to make the Land,
For fear of some sunk Rock, shoal Sand :
Yet day by day, we soundings had,
Of fair *England*, which made us glad :
At length to our exceeding Joys,
We sight of Land did get, brave Boys,
The Hardship we before endured,
At this same time was all quite Cured ;
Our Joys at this time did exceed,
On Deck we threw our Caps indeed :
Nay, some that time did on my word,
For Joy, their Caps threw Over-board.

Oh fair *England* ! Thy lovely Banks,
I see once more, I give God thanks.
I always loved my Native Land,
England shall have my Heart, my Hand :
If War do chance, my dearest blood,
I will not spare to do Her good ;
According to my poor endeavour,
My King and Country, I'll serve ever :
Though in Condition of mean sort,
I never will be sorry for't.
I still do hope before my end,
That my condition, it will mend :
The boldest Captain's but a Servant,
And we to them must be observant.

Yet can I not but pine to see,
 A Coward raised to high degree :
 But God be thankr, our Marshal Law,
 Doth such base Traytors, Hang and Draw.

By *Dedford* Town, Example there,
 Was for such Blades, for to beware ;
 How they such Places take in trust,
 Except that they were Stout and Just.

But hold my Muse : Where dost thou run ?
 'Tis time for thee, for to have done,
 The Voyage doth now draw to an end,
 We for to the *Downs*, our Course do bend :
 The VVind from VVest, to Sou-sou-west,
 Did bravely blow, I do protest :
 Which made our hearts & minds more merry,
 Then when we drunk the *Spanish* Sherry.

It was the last of *March* that we,
Englands Lands end did bravely see :
 And on *April* the second day,
 Into the *Downs* we got, I say :
 Not one days Viſuals was on Board,
 When we came in, upon my word.
 Our Bread and Cheefe, we had made even,
 But we got more, thanks unto Heaven :
 For here Provision we ſhan't want,
 The ſame in *England* is not ſcant.
 Pray God we may receive our Pay,
 When we get up, without delay :
 In miſery they ſpend their Money,
 That ſpend it fore that they get any.

And

94 The Straights Uoyage : 02,

And at Pay-day their Landlords come,
And take away the Total Sum :
Now to return a little back,
And speak of the great *Mary's* lack:
Her company in soundings we,
Did loose in that great Fogg at Sea :
Her absence did Sir *John* much trouble,
Because his care for her was double.
To seek her, time he can't afford,
Provision was so scarce Aboard :
Into the *Downs* arrived we,
On Sunday : Tuesday in came she ;
And did salute us with nine Guns,
We seven strait-ways her returns ;
She three returns for thanks with speed,
Great Joy on both sides was indeed.

Reader, this *Journal* now is done,
Because of our safe home return :
If that Kings Ship no Voyage make worse,
The Nation needs not grudge their Purse :
The Prayers of Merchant-men we have,
For from the *Turks* their Ships we save :
With us no Ship did e're miscarry,
Sir *John* so wise was and so wary :
If ought they wanted in their need,
Unto Sir *John* they came with speed ;
For to supply them in their want,
He unto them vvas never scant.
I many Instances could name,
But vyhat need I speak of the same.

Cause

669. St. Davids Poem. 99

Cause Sir *John Harman's* so well known,
To all the world, more than to one :
My simple muse cannot rehearse,
Half Sir *Johns* Merits, in good Verse :
A Theam too high for me to Write,
Though I do throw in my poor Mite ;
Let better Wits him Eternize,
I must confess my self unwise.
Captain *Darcys* Merits must have share,
In little *Dartmouth*, for his care :
Being Sir *Johns* Second, it was great,
Although he were in a Fifth Rate.

Sir *John*, he says, Pray Captain go,
And back a Stern, take such in Tow ;
No sooner said, but forthwith done,
About the Fleet he'l nimbly Run :
And heavy Saylor's bring away,
To the Fleet, without delay.



F I N I S.